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SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1925

Mexico to the Rescue

BY

THE MEXICAN MINISTER TO ITALY

'Mind Is Not Linked with Matter'

BY

SIR OLIVER LODGE

To Persia by Air

Revolution, Not Reform

BY

A BRITISH COMMUNIST

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

April 25, 1925

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THIS WEEK

SHOULDER to shoulder with Senator George Wharton Pepper, Turkey, and Soviet Russia, Mexico has withstood the blandishments of the League of Nations, until just the other day, when *Señor Rafael Nieto*, her Minister to Italy, urged his Government to march into Geneva at the head of the parade of the Little Latin Soldiers. He has no use for the United States, believes that it is more important for us to back out of Haiti than to back into the League, and is convinced that every realtor and dirt farmer in the land would sell his soul if only Cal could have 'Emperor of the World' added to all his other titles.

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More plausible, but no less romantic, are the Marxian yearnings of *Mr. R. P. Dutt.* He sees all the gold in the world drifting our way, and points to the unfavorable balance of trade in Europe — especially in Germany, with its big Reparations bill. To put it in a nutshell, the great Powers must find new markets — an astounding discovery, surely. And then what will actually happen? There are two possibilities: one, that there will be a terrific Revolution, with a Bigger and Better War thrown in for good measure; the other, that the working class will have to go to work. The second alternative is preposterous on the face of it, so there is nothing for us unfortunate Capitalists to do but wait around until the tumbril drives up to the door and remember to save a copy of the *Living Age* to read on the way to the guillotine.

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There are, however, certain compensations. Unless the May Day Riots come off a week early, our readers will have had time to learn from *Sir Oliver Lodge* that mind, in the words of Sigmund ('Doc') Freud, is not a process which matter performs, but rather that our brains are simply instruments from which the fingers of God evoke music of surpassing beauty. Or, as it says on the cover, 'Mind is not linked with matter.' Sir Oliver agrees with Miss Rossetti that the road winds uphill all the way; and though the climb may give us an occasional stitch in the side, it is a comfort to know that we are headed in the right direction.

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Those who want to get a head start on the rest of the crowd will do well to hop into *Mr. Walter Mittelholzer's* plane and take a flying trip with him to Persia. Not long ago the same 'birdman' tried to give Captain Amundsen a lift from the North Pole to Spitzbergen, and more lately he has tried to make the grade from Zurich to Teheran, which is really not so hard as it sounds. He got tangled up in some Turkish red tape on his way through Smyrna, but escaped without a single massacre. For the benefit of any of our readers who do not like to be left up in the air for an entire week, we may as well confide the news that he will arrive safely at his destination in a forthcoming issue.

❦ ❦ ❦

Having strayed so far from home, we might as well keep on going and take in a show at Shanghai. In that city there are ten thousand actors — almost as many as there will be in New Haven when Mr. Baker gets through with it; and they are paid high wages too, when they can find jobs. Female impersonators get the most, but there is also good money for juvenile leads, straight men, scene-painters, character actors, — you know, the George Arliss type, — and gong-ringers. The real Chinaman about town goes every night and has his seats charged. The uncivilized custom of giving the ushers a ten-per-cent tip is in full sway, but at least you get hot towels and watermelon seeds brought right to your seat — and if they do not make you enjoy the performance, you had better buy yourself a radio set.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325 — *APRIL 25, 1925* — NO. 4216

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

RACE AND LABOR IN AFRICA

AFRICA is the key continent — both military and economic — in the Old World scheme of empire. Europe's future hegemony may be said to be at stake there. The visit of the Prince of Wales, long deferred but now in process of accomplishment, is but one of many testimonies to this.

Africa presents a great diversity of problems, from white labor in the Rand to black troops on the Rhine. Nor is there unity of white opinion regarding them. In South Africa General Hertzog's pro-Afrikander Cabinet is said to be 'more popular and less feared' — that is, by the British — than it was when it took office. But this does not signify a subsidence of friction between Britishers and Afrikanders. The present Ministry is accused of discriminating against colonials of English descent in the Civil Service and against the English language in the schools. The police force, once mostly British, is now eighty per cent Dutch, and the last budget was introduced in that language, for the first time in the history of the Union. 'The most deplorable side of this agitation lies in the fact that it is nursed by the great Dutch Churches. The predikant is the driving force of the local Nationalist organizations, and all the fervor of religious sentiment is being harnessed to political bigotry.'

The latest proposal of the South African Government is to abolish imperial preference as expressed in a customs rebate of three per cent on British and Empire goods, and to replace this by a law providing maximum and minimum duties on a most-favored-nation clause basis. The *Daily Telegraph* indignantly protests that this law emanates from the Board of Trade and Industries, an advisory body like our own Tariff Commission, which it says 'is largely composed of theorists. Two of its members are young Nationalists who have taken degrees in economics at American universities. Another is an Irish Canadian with Labor Sinn Fein proclivities.' The new law has not been adopted, but 'there is reason to fear that the pressure of the extreme Nationalists and of foreign overtures has carried the day.'

For a time General Smuts seemed to be losing his grip in public affairs, and

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was rated a spent force in South African politics. A correspondent wrote: —

> Like so many of the war lords in other lands, he resembles a clock of which the mainspring is broken. All through the elections his followers looked for a sign, and the sign never came. His election speeches were not unfairly compared with the efforts of a gramophone with one cracked record. In Parliament he has been equally disappointing, and he has not the gift of putting heart into his followers, though he has a remarkable power of calling down on himself the hatred of his opponents.

Since Parliament assembled, however, the former Premier has come to the fore again. The present Cabinet endorses race-segregation; but this is really a nonpartisan measure, advocated by missionaries and other friends of the natives, and is not designed to erect impermeable bulkheads between blacks and whites except in respect to landholding. The plan is to set off areas where only blacks can own land, and areas where only whites can do so. But a commission having this matter in charge has allotted only about thirteen per cent of the desirable land in the Dominion for possible black ownership and has reserved eighty-seven per cent for the whites, who are a minority of the population. Naturally this does not gratify the blacks. Neither does segregation please white farmers, who complain of lack of labor and think it will become even scarcer if the blacks are encouraged to settle in compact communities of their own.

General Smuts has been highly commended in the English press for a statesmanlike speech delivered late in February against the Government's Color Bar Bill to restrict the employment of natives and Asiatics in mines and factories. A previous enactment to accomplish the same purpose was declared illegal by the Transvaal Supreme Court. In opposing the bill General Smuts laid stress upon the unfair treatment of the natives in respect to land allotments. Coupled with the proposed bar against employment in mines and factories, it amounted to denying the Negro 'both opportunity to rise in the white man's sphere and the opportunity to develop in his own proper environment.' He also denounced bracketing Asiatics and natives together in the bill.

> We shall gather on our heads the hatred of the whole of Asia. We shall feel the weight of that hatred in the years to come. The bill will be taken as an outrage not only by Black Africa but by Yellow Asia. We, a handful of whites, are ring-fencing ourselves, first with the near ring of black hatred, and, beyond that, with the ring of hatred of the whole of Asia, for while only a few Asiatics are directly affected by this bill, the inclusion of their name will win us the hatred of hundreds of millions of Asiatics from the North of Asia to the South.

Kenya, which is on the crest of a wave of prosperity, faces a labor shortage. The Government has followed from the first a policy, somewhat similar to our Indian reservation policy, of retaining areas in which the natives have the sole right to own land. But the Negroes are taxed, partly to force them to work. White farmers, who pay their native hands ten shillings a month, presumably plus rations, complain that the latter are not willing to leave their reservations. The missionaries do not encourage their wards as a rule to seek employment away from their native villages. A Commission to Consider Native Labor Supply in Kenya Colony, appointed to deal with an issue now being fought out from Uganda in the North to Rhodesia in the South and involving over twenty million people, has just made a report in which it

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recommends that white employers improve the housing-conditions of their workers, supply them with food, firewood, and store goods at cost, and give them formal agricultural training. The Commission also advises 'a judicious application of the Native Authority Ordinance,' which is interpreted by friends of the blacks to mean 'administrative pressure to make them work for white employers.'

The native labor supply in Kenya, which has a population of over two million, is about 423,000 able-bodied males, of whom slightly over one fourth are employed on white plantations or upon government works. The white population, including officials and planters, probably does not number more than ten or twelve thousand. Agricultural development has been very rapid. The area under cultivation in coffee alone will soon reach 100,000 acres. Cotton, which is also increasing, is the second crop in importance. Coffee is regarded as a big-plantation industry. Cotton can be raised on small holdings. But the Negro peasant is discovering that he can raise either of these crops on his own land, and thus get ready cash by independent exertion instead of working for a white master. East Indian agitators, who resent the restrictions placed upon their countrymen in Kenya, are accused of spreading anti-white-labor propaganda among the black workers.

S. G. Vaze, Editor of the *Servant of India*, in an article criticizing the policy of colonizing whites in the Kenya highlands, declares that only six per cent of the ten thousand square miles alienated to Europeans in that region is actually cultivated. The other ninety-four per cent remains as empty as it was before the first white man appeared upon the scene. Moreover, to bring this six per cent of the land under the plough has, he declares, probably with some exaggeration, taken the labor of nearly two thirds of the able-bodied native males, who are required to work as wage-earners away from their homes. He concludes: 'If six per cent of the white highlands drains away the energy of two thirds of the able-bodied males, surely it will take the entire native population many times over to bring the whole of the highlands into full use' — an interesting comment, if the facts are even approximately true, upon the unsolved human factor in the conquest of the tropics.

Mr. J. A. Harris, a British expert on tropical economics, reviews in the *Westminster Gazette* the remarkable transition from plantation to peasant agriculture occurring throughout British Africa. He points out that the world requires annually rubber, cane sugar, coffee, cocoa, cotton, and other food-substances and industrial raw materials to the value of two or three billion dollars, all of which are produced directly — at least so far as they come from the tropics — by the toil of the colored man. Mr. Harris might have pointed out in addition that the standard of living of the white man in the temperate zone is increasingly conditioned by the rise in the consuming-power of the colored workers who purchase the manufactures he produces. In Uganda, Kenya, and along the Gold Coast, the remarkable increase — remarkable even when measured by American figures of production — in the exports of cotton and cocoa, for example, is due, not to the extension of large plantations, but to the increase of small native holdings. Upon the whole Mr. Harris concludes that 'the peasant proprietor — that is, in Black Man's Africa — has demonstrated his power to supply the raw material which, unless produced in volumes adequate for the world's needs, will certainly lead to grave international friction, and the vital secret

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is: Keep the land in the hands of the producer.'

Africa's rapid development since the war was also the burden of an address by Major Ormsby-Gore, Under-Secretary of the Colonies, at a dinner given in London to Dr. Jesse Jones, Chairman of the Phelps-Stokes Commission of New York, upon his return from an exhaustive educational survey of Great Britain's African colonies.

Since the war there has been enormous, sudden, and unexpected economic development in Africa. Mere trade statistics fail to bring home to the public how rapid the economic expansion has been. Whereas, for example, two years ago Uganda produced only 90,000 bales of cotton, last year it produced 137,000, and this year 200,000 bales. This rate of progress has probably seldom been equaled in history.

Last year's exports of local produce from Uganda exceeded that of the previous year by no less than sixty per cent, and in the Gold Coast the sudden expansion of wealth and production is even more remarkable. Expansion on such a scale raises new and most complicated social problems, and throws an immense burden upon those responsible for these territories.

The first thing that the African native demands the moment he acquires wealth is education, and it is our responsibility that the education we give him shall be for his good, and not for his destruction and harm. We must evolve new systems of education especially suited to the African natives. Our own responsibility is very great, for Great Britain is the trustee of forty million Africans, with complete and autocratic power over their destiny.

The Advisory Committee with which Dr. Jones has been coöperating has made recommendations with respect both to school administration and school curriculums. It counsels the use of the vernacular languages, religious and character training, the adaptation of school subjects such as history and geography to African conditions, a native teaching staff including women, large stress upon technical and vocational training, and equal educational opportunities for both sexes.

This new-era solicitude for the native does not altogether please Lord Leverhulme, who has recently returned from a visit to West Africa — which produces some choice varieties of soap fats — quite disgusted with present tendencies. He recently declared in a London address: —

'We are in danger of going to the extreme of a maudlin sentimental policy which will do the natives more permanent harm than the previous brutal policy.' He would pursue a middle course of beneficent exploitation. Civilized man required more and more tropical products, notably oils and fats, which could only be cultivated successfully on an organized basis by means of capital. No rabbit, however, was so timid as capital, and to ask capital to invest in products that required many years of development on other than freehold land was asking something that could never be achieved. To the man who intended going to West Africa, especially Nigeria, he would feel bound to advise him in these words: 'You might be disappointed. You go to Nigeria, and although you are an Englishman you will be going to a country where no Englishman is allowed to purchase from a willing native freehold land. It is prohibited by law. You will not be allowed to lease land from a native for longer than a limited period fixed by the Government. The white man is looked upon to pay the taxes. He has to pay them as assessed by a Council on which the elected members are so small in number that they have never been able to outvote, in order to secure the wishes of the community, the Government representatives. If you go to Nigeria you will find the Englishman has nothing to do with the laws but obey them, and nothing to do with the taxes but pay them.' The imports and exports of Nigeria reached only 26 shillings per head of the population, compared with 700 shillings in Sierra Leone, 200 shillings in the Gambia, 160 shillings on

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the Gold Coast, 150 shillings in Ceylon, in all of which there was no limitation on the purchase of freehold land, and no government interference with the length of leases. In Canada the total of imports and exports was 950 shillings per head, Australia 820 shillings, New Zealand 800 shillings, and South Africa 340 shillings.

THE POLITICAL GAMBLE IN FRANCE AND GERMANY

JUST now government in both France and Germany is in solution, ready to crystallize into new forms. M. Herriot's resignation probably means no more than recasting the same play with many of the same actors in new parts. Notwithstanding a certain predominance of the Left during the past year, both countries have really had governments of the Centre, which a political cynic says 'seeks favors from the Right and portfolios from the Left.' Even *Le Figaro*, which has been an acrid critic of Herriot's régime, considers the political storms that have surrounded it mostly artificial. 'It is remarkable how the vehemence of the religious controversy we are witnessing fails to conceal its anachronistic character. Everyone who engages in it seems to be saying, "We've more important things to do." . . . The real question that preoccupies Frenchmen to-day is how the State can survive at all the present double crisis of a simultaneous failure of both parliamentary and executive government.'

Field Marshal Hindenburg's election as President of Germany, if it occurs, may prove more spectacular than politically significant. Germany is the only great nation that chooses its President by direct vote. Every German of either sex, more than twenty years old, is entitled to cast his ballot. The President of Germany has less power than our own Chief Executive, and more power than the President of France. His direct control of legislation and political policies is small, but his indirect authority is considerable. He represents his country in international relations, concludes treaties with other governments, appoints high officials, including the Chancellor, can dissolve the Reichstag, and has the right, when the country is in extreme peril, to assume almost dictatorial powers. He is in a sense coequal with the Reichstag, since he names the Chancellor, and in case of a conflict with that body may appeal over its head directly to the people for a final decision.

THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS

THE Belgian elections this month resulted in a Socialist victory, though it did not give that Party an absolute majority. The result is considered a rebuff to the pro-French element in respect to both the language question at home and the security problem abroad. The new Chamber is reported to contain 79 Socialists, 78 Centrists, and smaller delegations of Liberals, Communists, and Flemish Party Members. Meanwhile the Centrists remain by far the strongest Party in the Senate.

The Clericals made much of the Communist menace during the campaign. They likewise dealt tenderly with the controversy between the Flemish-speaking and the French-speaking sections of the country, demanding that both languages be treated equally in the army and the administration. The Liberals, who lost heavily at the polls, staunchly defended French linguistic supremacy. The Socialists, who were the principal gainers by the voting, subordinated the language question to class and economic issues, which seem to have interested the electorate more than racial divisions.

But language is still an absorbing issue. Flemish students have boy-

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cotted the University of Ghent on the ground that their native tongue, which was supposed to have been restored two years ago, does not yet receive due recognition there. At present one third of the courses are taught in French, one third in Flemish, and the remaining third in both of these languages. The Flemings insist that so long as Belgium's other university, at Liége, is entirely French, Ghent, which is situated in Flemish-speaking territory, should be entirely Flemish. The French argument against this is that Flemish does not stand on a par with French as a cultural language. However this may be, the number of students at Ghent has fallen off considerably during the past two years, and the decline is reported to be principally in Flemish-speaking students.

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FROM TOKYO'S LEGISLATIVE GRIST

JAPAN is dealing with two legislative measures of more than ordinary interest to the outside world. The Lower House has at last passed the Manhood Suffrage Bill, the sixth proposal of the kind that has been submitted to it. Before becoming a law, the bill must pass the House of Peers and receive the sanction of the Throne. The Japanese press, to judge from extracts published in the English-language papers of the country, is overwhelmingly in favor of the new measure. The law, if finally enacted, will increase the number of voters to over ten million.

A second measure of some importance to Americans is a new Alien Landownership Bill, which provides that whenever 'an alien or an alien juridical person belongs to a country which either prohibits the acquisition of rights regarding land by a Japanese subject or a Japanese juridical person, or makes their acquisition conditional or restrictive, the same or similar conditions or restrictions may be imposed by an imperial ordinance upon the acquisition of rights regarding land in the Empire by such alien or alien juridical person.' This is not the first legislation of the kind, but it modifies considerably existing regulations.

ELECTION MORNING IN GERMANY

By the Dawn's Early Light.
— *Lustige Blätter*, Berlin

SHROVE TUESDAY

FRANCE. Five times as high as mine, but that 's no trick with two helpers.
— *Le Rire*, Paris

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MEXICO AND THE LEAGUE[1]

A PERTINENT ASPECT OF LATIN-AMERICAN OPINION

BY RAFAEL NIETO, MINISTER OF MEXICO IN ITALY

If the League of Nations is dominated during the next few years by the Great Powers, it will perish. If, on the other hand, the influence of the smaller countries makes itself increasingly felt in the international activities at Geneva, the League will steadily grow stronger.

I have had this opinion confirmed by many friends of the League. Those who have followed with anxious interest the vicissitudes that have accompanied the practical application at Geneva of such international principles as coördinated sovereignty, reciprocal liberty, and unlimited responsibility, fear the setback given to them by every arbitrary act of its stronger members, and rejoice whenever the weaker Powers successfully resist an attack upon those principles. The harm done to the League by scandalous incidents such as occurred in Corfu and in Egypt is known to all the world; but the attention these events attracted and the vigorous reprobation they universally incurred may have partly neutralized their bad effect. Meanwhile every Council and Assembly of the League inflicts a less visible but more persistent and certainly more resented injury upon that body. This is because a little nucleus of privileged delegates from the stronger nations deliberate secretly together, reach agreements, and dictate resolutions of which representatives of the non-privileged nations know nothing whatsoever, until at some subsequent public session the master-manipulators impose their decisions upon the apathetic or resigned delegates of the unmilitary Powers. This practice does even more to discourage international arbitration and conciliation and the growth of international law than occasional belligerent, imperialistic outbursts like those at Corfu and Cairo.

To be sure, the smaller Powers are not always right merely because they are weak; neither do they invariably avoid selling themselves to their more powerful neighbors. Furthermore, they are seldom represented at Geneva by delegates whose ability is commensurate with the high mission entrusted to them. But consciousness of military inferiority makes their mental attitude quite different from that of the Great Powers. Instead of looking upon the League as an international body where some approve what others dictate, they feel a keener, or at least a more clearly defined, interest in international coöperation; and very often they spontaneously unite to oppose the greed and usurpation of the strong.

Some of the smaller nations that were neutral during the war, and consequently are not embittered by a sense of injustice and violence, have exercised considerable influence in the League. Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and one or two

[1] From *Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *April* 15

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others, have been moderating factors in that body. They have served as a governor when the Geneva engine showed signs of racing under excessive international pressure. Unfortunately, the other small European nations have lacked similar independence, and have disappointed our high hopes in them by falling completely under the influence of England or of France, and taking orders from those Governments.

Whenever their voice was heeded, it was not because their Governments possessed moral prestige, but because they were represented by men of exceptional ability such as Beneš and Politis.

Among the nations outside of Europe that are not military Powers, those of America have most steadily increased their influence. These young Latin republics are moved by a lofty spirit of international idealism, free from the racial prejudices and political rancors of Europe. Their people, partly perhaps on account of their frequent revolutions, do not share the exaggerated patriotism of Europeans that manifests itself in an aggressive hatred for other nations. We have been so preoccupied with our internal conflicts that we have had no time to pick quarrels with other countries. That has kept us immune from the virus of jingoism.

One result of this has been the evolution in South America — specifically in Argentina — of three principles of international law tacitly accepted throughout the Latin-American countries: (*a*) conquest does not create territorial rights; (*b*) international debts cannot be collected by force; (*c*) America is not only for Americans; America is for humanity.

It is not strange that with these antecedents the representatives of Latin America at Geneva have been active defenders of the loftiest international ideals. But unfortunately our delegates there have been personally inconsistent and vacillating, and woefully lacking in historical and political vision. If the League of Nations shows steadily increasing respect for the opinion of Latin America, it is not so much because her representatives are clear-sighted and enthusiastic champions, or pugnacious defenders, of generous ideals, but simply because twenty votes count heavily in a total of one hundred and fifty.

Several reasons account for the fact that Latin America, with all her cosmopolitan idealism, has not pursued a vigorous and consistent policy in the League. The chief of these is the fact that her delegates do not personally possess this idealism. Far be it from me to belittle the intellectual ability and the moral integrity of these gentlemen; but with a few rare exceptions they belong to a school of political thought that traditionally distrusts international coöperation. Their party allegiances, their material interests, their intellectual prejudices, and their habits of mind, make them members of the extreme Right in both national and international politics; and bitter experience has taught us that politicians of the Right are absolutely incapable of making the League a success. The only men who will ever make international coöperation and solidarity a real thing are those who are convinced that our present social system is wrong and who believe that great evils can be healed only by great remedies. In other words, the League of Nations can be made a success only by internationalists of the Left, whose ideals and convictions are separated from those of the present representatives of Latin America at Geneva by a gulf as wide as the world itself.

Possibly if we were to delve deeper into this question we might discover a still profounder reason for this con-

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dition: the fact that Latin-American governments are in the great majority of instances Conservative or reactionary, although happily their rising generation is imbued with a new and progressive spirit, and a young labor movement is already vigorously asserting itself in our republics.

But without dwelling on this, it is an obvious disadvantage for the Latin-American countries to be represented at Geneva by their regularly accredited diplomatic officials abroad. An ambassador or minister whose principal duties lie in Downing Street, at the Quai d'Orsay, at the Quirinal, or in Wilhelmstrasse, does not go to Geneva with his mind free from prejudices and predilections. Ordinarily some tacit compromise, some hidden motive of personal or national advantage, lurks in an obscure corner of his political subconsciousness. He thinks primarily of the success of his chief mission, which is in Rome, Berlin, London, or Paris. That is human, profoundly human. Is it not extremely rare for a Latin-American diplomat to defend at Geneva a measure or a policy that is sharply opposed by the Power to which he is officially accredited?

It is equally unfortunate that all other countries are so largely represented in the Assembly and the Council by professional diplomats. Modern diplomacy is the most archaic political institution in existence. It is virtually monopolized by a privileged, aristocratic caste deeply rooted in tradition. Professional diplomats are skillful at political haggling, legal artifices, and international sharp-dealing; but their sociological skepticism unfits them for any labor of political betterment and reform. How often to-day, when an Italian, an English, or a French diplomat returns to the home hive after one of the international conferences that the putrid soil of an absurd peace breeds overnight like poisonous fungi, does his country's Conservative press jubilate over the advantages he has obtained at the expense of, and to the detriment of, some other country. Recall the exultation of the London newspapers when Mr. Chamberlain came back from Paris after last January's Conference to allot Germany's Reparations payments. We Mexicans have a graphic slang-word that exactly describes the duty of a professional diplomat when dealing with his foreign colleagues: it is *tantearlos* — about the same as 'cheat 'em' in English. Clearly we can never erect an effective and going League of Nations upon this low international standard, inherent in the old diplomacy and applauded by the Conservative press.

Latin-American diplomats, although they are generally considered *arrivistas*, or parvenus, and are looked upon a little contemptuously by their European brethren, — who are the perfect bloom of a privileged, exclusive, and aristocratic class, — are seldom content to remain true democrats. With rare exceptions they are 'climbers,' eager to penetrate the innermost circles of Europe's political hierarchy and the social aristocracy. If they succeed in doing so, they instinctively range themselves on the extreme right of the ultra-Conservative, reactionary Right; their political skepticism grows more rigid and unyielding, and they become less and less capable of the enthusiasm, of the impulse toward radical reform, that alone can forge a new code of international coöperation at Geneva.

European champions of the League naturally attach great importance to the action of the United States, and are impatient to see it join that body. This is an error of judgment. I venture the opinion, although it may expose me to the charge of national vanity, that right now the League of Nations

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would profit more by the adherence of Mexico than of the United States. In fact, so long as the great American Power has an administration of the present extremely conservative type its influence in the League would not promote the equal rights of members and international coöperation, any more than it has favored them in the Pan-American Union and at Pan-American Congresses. Those who have followed carefully the development of Pan-Americanism know well that if it were not for the privileged position the United States has assumed, and the opposition shown by Washington's representatives to every advanced proposal submitted to the Inter-American Congresses, we should already have in the Western Hemisphere an International Court of Justice and a system of compulsory arbitration.

Were the United States within the League, it would support in an aggravated form the anti-League policy of Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet — a policy of honeyed words and flattery for that institution at the same time that they weaken and discredit it by their treatment of practical issues like Egypt, the Protocol, the Irish Treaty, and the Eight-Hour Agreement. Is the United States ready to renounce its imperialist policy in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Central America, and the Philippines in order to make its acts harmonize with its professions? Is it prepared to adopt a policy of international coöperation based on the strict equality of all countries, large and small? Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, declares that peace will never be possible so long as the Great Powers resort to force whenever anything happens abroad that offends them. Nicaragua, Vera Cruz, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Amritsar, the Ruhr, Corfu, and Egypt are all cases where great and powerful governments have used violence and force against the weak and disarmed. We confine our love of peace to words; while we express our belligerent impulses in deeds. We profess tolerance, and practise intolerance. We profess friendship, and practise vengeance. An American publicist, commenting upon the words of the Senator that I have just summarized, declares that the United States could do more to bring about world peace by evacuating Haiti, and recompensing that unhappy republic for the injury done her, than by joining the International Court of Justice at The Hague. These statements support my contention that the imperialism of the United States, as long as it remains what it is, would be out of place in the League of Nations. That country's influence is less prejudicial to the development of international coöperation while it remains outside the League than it would be as a member of that body.

On the other hand, Mexico's international position is different from that of any other Latin-American republic. The severe test to which her right to manage her own relations with other countries has been put during the last ten years has only strengthened her. Perhaps no other country without great military resources has succeeded as well as Mexico in keeping a free hand in dealing with other Governments, without making political compromises. After a conflict lasting for several years, during which the imperialists of the United States vainly endeavored by every means in their power to make her modify her revolutionary laws and Constitution, she has successfully asserted her sovereignty over her own affairs. And she has now resumed diplomatic relations with all other Governments except England, while retaining a Radical

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administration in power and keeping advanced social legislation on her statute books.

Mexico's vigorous and firm way of handling international questions has been a tonic to the rest of Latin America. Her prestige has been raised and strengthened, especially among the ardent university-youth of her southern neighbors. At Geneva, Mexico might easily fill the rôle that historically belongs to Spain, as standard-bearer of the Latin world — a rôle that the present reactionary régime at Madrid is incapable of assuming. She could be a powerful force for strengthening the international spirit, because she has no political commitments to hamper her freedom of action and to prevent her from defending the truth for its own sake.

Not long ago a contributor in *Journal de Genève* wrote: 'Mexico occupies a unique position in Latin America. Unlike the other republics, she is a border nation and stands guard at the frontier of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is for this reason that the League of Nations will not seem complete to the Spanish world until Mexico is a member.' The same idea was expressed in the invitation that the Latin-American delegates at the Fourth League Assembly addressed to Mexico, through the words of the Chilean delegate, Señor Edwards: 'The presence of our sister republic would be of untold value to the Latin-American nations already here.'

Moreover, Mexico would bring to Geneva as part of her international creed a new doctrine, not unilateral like the Monroe Doctrine, and far loftier than the Drago Doctrine. President Carranza first enunciated it, succeeding Governments in Mexico have accepted it, and the rising generation in all Latin America endorses it without question. It is this: 'True justice will reign in the world when every man, no matter where his foot may rest upon this planet, feels that he is in his native land.'

THE DESTINY OF MAN[1]

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

THERE have been many discussions about free will — how will can be free. Never mind; you may not have a theory of it — be content with the fact. Never discard a fact because you do not wholly understand it. Your theory may come in time; never mind, leave that to the philosophers. I fancy I see my way to the theory. That does not matter; the fact we are sure of. 'Our wills are ours, we know not how.' What have you got free will for? 'Our wills are ours to make them Thine.' Why, even Christ Himself said, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' That is the essence, the fruition of free will. It is like the service that is perfect freedom. It is the will that we give up willingly to the Higher Powers.

You know, that Garden of Eden story is a beautiful story really. There is a classical story of the same kind — the Garden of the Hesperides, where there were apples on a tree that you

[1] From the *Christian World* (London religious weekly), *March 5*

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could not get at because of the dragon that guarded it. The Garden of the Hesperides was near the Straits of Gibraltar, the margin of the ancient world, the ocean of the ancients, — they did not know about the Atlantic, of course, — near the Pillars of Hercules; and there in the Garden of the Hesperides was the apple tree, with apples of gold, guarded by the dragon. In the Garden of Eden there is a tree, not with apples of gold, but with real apples; and not guarded by a dragon, not guarded at all, perfectly open; guarded by a word of command; forbidden, not mechanically, no appeal to force: You must not, but you can if you choose. That is how the parable puts it, and it is a very beautiful parable; and it is true — far superior to the other story. In it is a great instinct for religious truth. It is not the form that matters, it is the essence that matters, and the essence is highly instructive.

How long has the race had to get as far as it has on its path of development and progress? We used to think it was only a few thousand years, and we used to feel depressed by thinking how highly developed the ancients were — the Greeks, the Egyptians, especially the Greeks — and how we seem to have fallen back within the last two thousand years. Yes, but we are now finding that man is far older than that, that the planet has lasted — well, we used to think a hundred million years the age of the earth since it was molten, since life began upon it. That age is now extending; astronomers now think that it may have lasted a million million years — an extraordinary length of time. I regard these as the æons of preparation necessary to arrive at a given result — not a given result, a hoped-for result. We must assume that all these æons of preparation were necessary to enable a free race to grow and develop. It seems to me to enhance our sense of responsibility that the Creator had to wait patiently through all that vast lapse of time and to be rewarded at last with the kind of civilization to which we have attained. Do not think it is the end; I tell you it is the beginning. We do not know what we shall be. No, we do not know what we shall be individually, and we do not know what we shall be as a race. This is not the climax of human history. There may be ups and downs in it; there is room for ups and downs in that immense lapse of time; but our feet are on the upgrade. The important thing is that we can help, that there are many things that we can do, and that will not be done without us. 'The earth hath He given to the children of men.'

I consider it scientifically proved that mind is not inseparably linked with matter. We do not know how it is that mind is associated with matter at all, but here it is. Is the matter essential? Can the memory and the character and the disposition, and all that makes an individual, survive the death of the body, the destruction of the brain? I say yes. The brain is an instrument that we use here and now, constructed by the spirit, and used as an instrument for manifestation, for the display of ourselves to others. But we are not dependent on it; we can go on without it. The pulpy matter that we call the brain is not ourselves; that is not where our self is; that is not even where our memory is. It is an instrument for bringing out the memory, as a violin or organ is an instrument for bringing out the music; but the music is in the soul of Beethoven and the soul of his hearers, in those who understand it, not in the mechanical arrangement which displays it or manifests it.

We have the survival of the individual and the survival of the race. There is an infinite destiny before each indi-

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vidual. Think of that for a moment. Here we are in existence, and we are not going out of existence. An infinite future is before us when we leave the body behind. What do we take with us? Our memory, our character, for better, for worse, ourselves; and that is all we do take. Some people would be glad to be rid of themselves. Well, they can't; they have got to make the best of it. It is just as well to make yourselves worth living, when you have got to live on through all eternity. It is an amazing thought, but I see no way out of it. And what will happen to us, what we shall become in an infinite lapse of time, we do not know. We know what we are, we do not know what we shall be. I do not know that we know what we are, but we have infinite hope. We realize that the efforts that have been made to help us, the sacrifice that has been undergone by Higher Powers to help us, all mean that this earth existence is a very important item — all mean that there is going to be a great and magnificent outcome, which we cannot yet see or imagine. 'The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed.' Saint Paul had those moments of insight when he realized the majesty of the individual existence, strange as it may appear.

And then there is the future of the race. The race has existed a long, long time, hundreds of thousands of years; it has been growing in preparation, through the animal kingdom, through the inorganic kingdom, all this long period of preparation. But it is not over; there is no sign of its being over. The sun is not going to fade. We realize now that the sun has a source of energy in itself, which will keep it going for thousands of millions of years yet.

Human history as we know it is a thing of yesterday. As we begin to decipher it it goes back a long way, but it is going forward enormously. We are conscious of the process; we are realizing that we know good and evil, that we have a destiny before us, that we can help or we can hinder. We are not compelled to help. If we have the will, we can ask for wisdom to exercise it well. Many there are of good will, many men of good will, many movements for the benefit of the race. There is great hope in the outcome of it, now that we can help, now that we are consciously aware of the process of evolution, now that we can share and sympathize with the effort — for it has been an effort,. I am convinced it has been an effort, to Deity. I do not think that these things are easy; they meant real suffering, real effort, to bring about a race of free creatures who go right because they will, not because they must. The problem was supremely difficult, a problem beyond anything that humanity faced. But it is something to realize that we can now help, that we can now understand and sympathize. We have faith, we are told — faith, hope, and charity. Yes, we have faith in the infinite destiny before us. We have hope that our efforts and all the other efforts of mankind will be acceptable, and will be wisely guided in response to petition, and the will that our wills may be made His. And we have charity — charity enough to do our daily work and love our fellow men.

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A COMMUNIST HAS THE FLOOR[1]

BY R. P. DUTT

[As a matter of public information, we print this specimen of Communist criticism of those economic world adjustments that most of us greet with optimistic approval. The line of reasoning it presents is not confined to Communists, but is often found in emotional-Conservative organs abroad; for Radical extremists and Conservative extremists — Communists and Fascisti — agree in a measure regarding economic opinions as well as political tactics. The author is editor of the *Labour Monthly*, son of a Bengali scholar long resident in England and of an English mother, a first-honors man from Balliol College, Oxford, and, though not a profound economist, a brilliant expositor of the current theories of his Party. Such Jeremiahs have nothing constructive to offer in an age that needs above all constructive ideals, but they sometimes point out pitfalls in the path of progress.]

ALL the bankers are pleased because Britain is likely to return to the gold standard. In this they see the stabilization and restoration of capitalism for which they have worked for six years. The employers' offensive against hours and wages, the Dawes Report, the settlement of Reparations on a business basis, the establishment of stable governments, the loans to Europe, the ending of insecure currencies and exchanges and the return to gold, with the path open to the recovery of trade and production — this is their answer, slowly and painfully pieced together, to the threat of revolution overhanging capitalism from its own internal violence and disorder. This answer, they see, is fraught with the oppression of the workers, the policing of Europe, intensification of labor and worsening of labor conditions, energetic action against revolutionary propaganda, preparation of counter-revolution, Fascism, strike-breaking, and so on; but all this they believe they can pull through successfully, provided the situation holds together; and once production begins to increase they can ease the pressure. This is the basis of their 'hopes of revival.'

Many socialists also believe this. They believe that 'international capitalism' has straightened out its immediate difficulties and differences and, under the leadership of America, established itself as a single force against the European workers. 'From competition to combination' is their cry; and they believe in consequence that, save for the 'risk' of war, which, if the capitalists are 'wise,' they will avoid by disarmament conferences and security pacts, a period of more or less harmonious development is ahead. They therefore feel talk of revolution to be idle dreaming or 'romanticism,' and the only path before the workers to be gradual organization within the framework set by international finance and steady advance of 'education and propaganda.' They therefore preach peace with the powers that be, acceptance of the obvious fraud of bourgeois democracy, disclaiming of the class

[1] From the *Labour Monthly* (London Communist review), *March*

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war, and unity behind leaders in open alliance with the bourgeoisie. They work for the restoration of capitalism and call it peace, take part in anti-revolutionary propaganda and persecution, and help to hold down the colonies by force and violence. While not forgetting socialism as the 'ultimate aim,' they become in practice ordinary bourgeois politicians; and the softer and more gullible of them fall by the wayside into corruption even by bourgeois standards, as Ramsay MacDonald's biscuit-bakery automobile and the Barmat scandal in Germany testify.

It is therefore necessary to scan closely and exactly the present situation, in order to determine what process of events is represented, in fact summarized and symbolized with mathematical clearness, by the proposed return to the gold standard. Does it represent a return, or even the possibility of a return, to what are called 'normal' conditions? Or does it represent an intensification of forces leading in the opposite direction? To answer this question it is not sufficient to point to the obvious external symptoms of disorder in the existing world-situation — increasing armaments, interimperialist rivalries and crises, Fascism, colonial wars, the collapse of the League of Nations. Similar symptoms, although never on such a large scale, existed in the pre-war situation which led up to the World War; but their plain meaning was not understood, because the basic process behind them, which is the final stage of capitalism and its approach to collapse, was not understood. They were regarded as excesses, accidents, abnormalities on the smooth face of stable capitalism; they were parceled off into separate compartments as the Armaments Trust, Secret Diplomacy, Economic Imperialism; and statesmen endeavored to meet them by arbitration and The Hague, parliamentarism, progressive blocs, and pacifism. In consequence, the war of 1914 and the revolution of 1917 found the labor movements of the West completely unprepared. To-day the same external signs of disorder and struggle are visible — as who can fail to see? But the process behind them, and therefore their inevitable revolutionary conclusion, are not understood.

Reformism, or bourgeois thought in the Labor movement, before the war challenged Marxism on the following points: first, that capitalism tended, not to increasing concentration of wealth, as Marx had declared, but to its increasingly wide dispersion through the spread of limited-liability companies and the growth of the middle class; second, that the division of classes was growing less, not greater, through the improved condition of the workers, labor legislation, and similar reforms, and that in consequence the class struggle was diminishing in intensity and becoming a legislative parliamentary struggle for socialism; third, that the Marxian theory of inevitable crises of capitalism on an increasing scale, leading to its breakdown and to the revolutionary struggle of the working class for power, was incorrect, and that capitalism was on the way to overcoming its crises through its increasing international development. All these points, which were demonstrably false before 1914, were finally smashed beyond resurrection by the war — a 'crisis' of capitalism which it was impossible for the most rosy-spectacled professor of capitalism and reformism to ignore. The war produced a terrific concentration of capitalist power and wealth beyond the wildest imaginings of 1914. It intensified the division of classes until to-day that division into two camps

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dominates the domestic politics of every country in Europe. Keynes has pointed out in his Tract on Monetary Reform how the old middle class in Europe has been in practice wiped out. The increasing misery of the working class has been felt in person by every European worker. The class struggle has increased in intensity to the point of revolution and counter-revolution. Thus in every respect the relentless force of facts has proved Marxism right and bourgeois thought wrong, and consequently Marxism is a hundred times stronger to-day than in 1914.

To meet the new situation a new theory has to be found to resist the revolutionary tendency of the present epoch. At first a trial was made with Wilsonism and the League of Nations; but these proved weak and ineffective in the face of the avowed power-policy of modern capitalism. So now on the basis of the Dawes Restoration, on the broad back of American capital, a new attempt is made. The concentration of capital is no longer denied; it is embraced as the last salvation against revolution. The secret of modern capitalism, we are told, is combination, not competition; capitalism is overcoming its own inner conflicts and, under the leadership of America, is developing into a single world-trust; the dream of world revolution is a cinema dream in the face of modern capitalist organization and chemical weapons; the old State boundaries bear no relation to the international character of modern capitalism; to attempt revolution in any country is to invite starvation from international capitalism; and consequently the only path forward is the gradual socialization of modern concentrated industry through the spread of democracy and trade-unionism.

Here in fact we have precisely the old exploded error in a new form — that is to say, belief in capitalism as a stable system, belief in organized capitalism as a possibility and not a contradiction in terms. Marx declared that the essence of capitalist apologetics consisted in seeing only the unity of capitalist relations and not being able to see their internal contradictions. This is precisely the character of the modern reformist idea of 'international capitalism.' The fundamental conceptions of Leninism — on the one hand, of finance capital as the culminating form of capitalism, of its supreme expression in imperialist state capitalist trusts like 'Britain,' 'France,' 'America,' and their conflicts, of the unequal development of capitalism, of the consequent intensification of these conflicts, of the inevitable development of world war leading to revolution or renewed world war, and finally to the ultimate world-revolution: and on the other hand, of the increasing massing and concentration of the oppressed and exploited peoples under imperialism, of the necessary alliance of industrial workers with the peasants, the colonial workers, the revolutionary subject-nations, and of their combined assault upon imperialism under the leadership of an international Workers' Party — all these fundamental conceptions of modern Marxism in relation to the present epoch are still unfamiliar in Western Europe. And until their practical significance is somehow learned, the workers' movements are unable to advance.

What is the process of capitalist development? It is a development to ever-increasing concentration. Certainly. But does this mean the elimination of competition? Not at all; *it means only the intensification of competition.* Competition develops from the relatively peaceful undercutting rivalry of individual merchants and manufacturers to the terrific conflict of

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modern highly organized concentrated capitalist states, using every weapon of armed force and unscrupulous diplomacy, and culminating in world war. The greater the scale of capitalism, the greater its concentration, the more intense grows the conflict, the more violent and desperate the means employed; as the power of production grows greater, the available markets outside the home markets grow less, the number of rival capitalist producers for export increases, and the spheres of the earth's surface for the supply of raw materials and new exploitation are all marked out. The age of Cobden and peaceful politics gives way to the age of Chamberlain and aggressive imperialism; the age of Chamberlain gives way to the age of Lloyd George and the World War; the World War gives way to the nightmare politics of the post-war period of Versailles, Reparations, inflation, counter-revolution, and Fascism. Capitalism reveals itself in fact, with the increase of concentration and the power of production, not as a growingly harmonious and organized system of world production, but as a growingly violent system of antagonisms. The inequality of capitalism becomes continuously greater: the rich grow richer and the poor poorer; and nations and states themselves develop into 'capitalist' and 'proletarian' nations, with a widening gulf between them, and a continual diminution in the ranks of independent exploiter-states as nation after nation becomes openly or hiddenly subject to the stronger.

By 1914 a stage was reached where six world Powers of the old capitalist world dominated almost the whole of Asia, Africa, and Australia; while two new Powers outside, Japan and the United States, were rising rapidly, but had not yet entered fully into the arena of world competition. The war of 1914 was the war of the six Powers — a war to extinction. The new Powers entered into it only to extract the maximum advantage from it, to win a commanding position for themselves. The war of 1914 was inevitable in the sense that capitalism could provide no other solution for the conflicts of imperialism. The inevitable fact of growing capitalist accumulation, and the consequent driving force of the continual hunt for new profits on the part of each section of capitalism, compelled war. There could be no peaceful solution, — that is to say, no equal division of the spoils, — because of the inequality of capitalism and the unequal rate of capitalist development. German iron and steel were advancing, British declining. Britain held the majority of colonial possessions; Germany, with a much more rapidly developing capitalism, was too late in the field. Under these conditions, a hundredfold multiplied by the complexities of different fields of capitalism and different Powers, there could be no permanent ratio allotted to each. Each section had to fight for itself. Each statesman and diplomatist had to fight for his own group or lose his position; each captain of an industrial combine had to fight for the profits of his own shareholders or lose his; each editor of a newspaper had to fight for the interests of his own power-group or lose his. No statesman or capitalist can think for capitalism as a whole, save for the immediate fight against the revolution. If he could, he would cease to be a capitalist. Not the particular ambition or intrigue of this or that individual or group, a majority of whom probably did not directly will the war but only willed the particular advantages to their side that made war inevitable, but the automatic collective product of their individual wills, which in the aggregate only reflected the existing social forces of

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capitalism that they did not themselves understand — this was the real 'origin of the war.'

What is the position after the war? The former six Powers have been cut down by the destruction of three. We now find a new division of victor states and defeated states. The victor Powers tried to destroy the basis of the defeated German capitalist state-trust by robbing it of its colonies, shipping, and the main part of its iron and coal, and by shackling its future development by saddling it with a heavy debt to pay. In doing this they raised a hundred new problems of which they were not themselves aware at the outset. On the other hand a new world Power appeared, stronger than any other — the United States of America, grown to full stature on the profits of the war, and overshadowing the rest in wealth, resources, and power of production. In addition other Powers had grown up outside Europe — Japan, and, in an early stage, the Dominions, that already threaten the former commercial supremacy of the old world and begin to win its markets. On the other hand the class struggle has reached a point where it is no longer simply a social phenomenon within each country, but has taken on a universal character. The revolution extends over one sixth of the earth; and the capitalist powers, after vain efforts to destroy it, have had to reconcile themselves to the presence of the unwelcome stranger. Communism has become a world power. At the same time the colonial nations are rising to consciousness and are in revolt. Thus we get an extremely diversified picture in the post-war world of a whole series of different levels: (*a*) the superstate, America; (*b*) the victor powers; (*c*) the defeated states; (*d*) the colonial nations; (*e*) the revolution. And this leaves out a whole series of intermediate stages, such as backward countries and semi-independent states.

At the head of the capitalist nations stands the United States. The colonial peoples are tributary to the capitalist nations; the defeated states are tributary to the victor states; but all alike, victor states, defeated states, and colonial peoples, are tributary to America. The supreme contradiction of capitalism to-day is expressed in the relation of America to the rest of the capitalist world. Here is realized in its intensest form the concentration of capitalism and the inequality of capitalist development. The figures of American wealth and production stagger comprehension. The official estimate of national income is sixty thousand million dollars. The official estimate of national wealth shows a multiplication tenfold since 1870, or a total more than twice the estimated total of Britain and France together. America's new-capital investment is six thousand million dollars, or six times the British. The excess of exports on last year's trade-balance was one thousand million dollars. Her net gold import was two hundred and eighty million dollars. Thus the capitalist intensification of social divisions has been realized on a world scale. The impoverishment of Europe has been accompanied by the enrichment of America.

'For he that hath, to him shall be given.' In accordance with this fundamental principle of capitalism, all the world, which is impoverished, must pay tribute to America, which has more wealth than it knows what to do with. The rest of the world is indebted to America; and the more America pours forth goods, the more the rest of the world becomes indebted. Europe, which has an adverse trade-balance of four hundred million pounds, must pay tribute to America, which has a favor-

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able trade-balance of two hundred million pounds. It cannot be done. The old familiar process of capitalism, by which the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, is taking place on an international scale. There has been a great deal of indignation, both expressed and suppressed, at the relentless insistence with which America has maintained its right to the war debts incurred 'in the common cause.' But these eloquent complainants fail to see that the whole principle of capitalism is a principle of Debt, incurred in the common cause of human social labor of production and mercilessly exacted from the poor by the rich, and that ninety-nine per cent of the human race in the capitalist world are born under the yoke of this Debt, which they themselves and their ancestors originally created by their labor and have repaid by their labor over and over again in every generation, and at the end are always more indebted than before. The original historical basis of such debt-holding is commonly found in some unsavory episode of violence, such as the slave trade and the plunder of India were to the growth of British capitalism in the past, and as war-profiteering has been to American capitalism to-day. But unsavory origins do not affect capitalist sanctity, once the title-deeds are secure. America has got the real capitalist's grip on Europe, and will not let go.

So far Europe has met the situation by three methods: (*a*) increasing the debt and letting interest mount up; (*b*) selling the estate — that is, disposing of business concerns and properties to American interests, to an extent that can only be judged by the instances continually occurring, and cannot be statistically stated; and (*c*) the shipment of gold. Like a silent stream of actual tribute, the gold of the world has flowed into America. The European countries at the outset of the war stopped gold currency and issued an irredeemable paper currency: which means in plain fact that the war governments raised money for their extraordinary expenditure by the simple process of forging money — issuing worthless paper; a deception which was paid for and continues to be paid for by the people in higher prices, the depreciation of savings, and a tremendously inflated war-debt. All the gold has been sent to America. The net gold imports into America for recent years are: 1921, 650 million dollars; 1922, 240 million dollars; 1923, 300 million dollars; 1924, 280 million dollars. By 1924 over half the gold in the world, the token of capitalist wealth, was in America; and a new problem, hitherto unguessed at in capitalist economy, had been created.

The apoplexy of capitalist development was now reaching a stage visible to every capitalist. Gold is still the life-blood of capitalism, and it was gathering in one part to the choking of that part and to the starvation and mortification of the rest. European production was stagnating from dear money and lack of purchasing power. Credit in Germany for normal industrial enterprise was costing one hundred per cent. On the other hand America was faced with the problem of 'gold inflation.' America literally did not know what to do with the gold. Gold normally provides the means of raising credit to about ten times its face value. But such a tremendous increase of credit, without a corresponding increase of production, would have meant a disastrous inflation. This would have been precisely the 'automatic' process of classical economy, which would have brought down the value of gold with a rush by vastly raising prices and so enabling the rest of the world to export goods into

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America, while stopping American exports. But naturally such a solution was the last thing the American bourgeoisie would allow. They made the most frantic efforts to prevent the gold from ruining them by keeping it shut up in their vaults. They sought to 'immobilize' the gold, to 'sterilize' it, as the expression ran. Instead of using it to raise credit, they used it to replace ordinary interest-bearing securities in their bank reserves. The percentage of gold in those reserves increased until it reached two thirds of those reserves. But there is a limit to this process, which becomes visible long before the point of a one-hundred-percent gold reserve is reached. For gold in this way brings no interest, and even banks have to earn interest. The gold had to be employed. But it could not be employed in America. Therefore it had to be employed abroad.

So in 1924 came the change. Very cautious initial steps were taken. The Dawes Committee was set up to inquire into conditions and prepare the ground. It was made sure that favorable governmental receptions could be counted on in England, France, and Germany. And then the process began. During the second half of 1924 loans and credits, governmental and industrial, of which the Dawes German Loan was simply the leading example and signpost, poured into Europe from America. The restoration of Europe was in full swing. The Democratic Left had their brief heyday while the golden chains were being imposed — to be speedily replaced by sterner forces as soon as the exaction of tribute became the task. The flow of gold was turned. Gold began to pass out again from America to Europe and the rest of the world. In the first half of 1924 the net gold import into America was 450 million dollars; in the second half there was a net gold export of 170 millions. And recent bullion reports show in a single week last February a shipment of 50 million dollars in gold to all the world.

'Splendid,' said all the economists and bankers; 'the gold is coming back. Now we can recover.' The pound rose, in common with the other European currencies. Between July and December 1924 the pound rose from $4.40 to $4.73. By the beginning of the new year the pound was within a fraction of gold parity, the Governor of the Bank of England was on his visit to New York, and everybody was talking of a prospective return to the gold standard. America was naturally desirous that Britain and other countries should return to the gold standard. At one point there had been a very real danger that Europe might abandon gold in favor of a 'managed' currency. Had that been successfully achieved, all the advantage of America's gold hoard in relation to Europe would have vanished. The restoration of the gold standard in Europe meant the recognition that America held in its control the majority of the world's accepted basis of wealth — and not simply so much precious metal. But Britain was equally desirous to return to the gold standard. For the British bourgeoisie it meant that the pound could face the dollar as an equal throughout the world. The complaints and opposition of a few home industrial interests, that wanted easier credit, counted for little; the discontent of the workers, who saw the sudden multiplication by a stroke of the pen of the burden of war debt and of every other kind of capital holding upon their backs, counted for nothing. The gold standard is a conservative interest. It is the interest of those who hold against those who speculate or wish to change; it is the interest of the investor, of the holder of capital, of those who own possessions

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and investments all over the world, and wish to see the highest value and the highest return: and these interests are stronger in Britain to-day than home industry. Amid a chorus of capitalist approval, and the silencing of controversy, the prospective return to the gold standard was received.

But on what was this return based? This is the question that brings us to the centre of the position. Was it based on any increase in British economic strength? Was it based on any expansion of trade and production? Was it based on an improvement of the relation of exports to imports? On the contrary, the visible adverse balance of trade was higher than ever, and touched a record figure of 341 million pounds, as against 203 million pounds in 1923 and 171 million pounds in 1922 — an increase of 100 per cent in two years, and 116 per cent above the pre-war figure. Not only that, but the steepest advance was just in the latter part of the year, precisely when the pound was apparently climbing most, the December adverse balance reaching the extraordinary figure of 50 million pounds, at the moment when the pound was approaching gold parity. The Board of Trade endeavored to estimate that the apparent adverse balance was still covered, as in previous years, by heavily enhanced invisible exports, mainly through a large increase in the return on foreign investments; but even this estimate showed the net balance available for new investment abroad to be heavily reduced to 29 million pounds, against 102 million pounds the previous year and 154 million pounds the year before. Thus the advance in the pound was completely artificial. It was simply the reflection of the American flow of capital abroad.

This point is so important that it is worth while quoting one or two authoritative statements from leading British capitalist sources to show that there is no dispute upon it. The two principal bank chairmen's speeches both deal with the point. Mr. McKenna stated: —

> The pound sterling is now finding its way back to parity, not because it will have climbed uphill to meet the dollar, but because the dollar under the pressure of the surplus supply of gold will have come down to the level of the pound.

Mr. Walter Leaf, after showing that American investments abroad in 1924 were twice the value of the British, goes on to say: —

> This large excess seems to be sufficient explanation of the change in the relative value of the dollar and the pound.

The *Manchester Guardian Commercial* shows in much greater detail how the 'flow of American money for temporary investment in London,' combined with the 'much larger flow of money destined for more permanent investment in Europe,' led to the rise in the pound exchange. Thus it is agreed on all sides that the return to the gold standard, if it takes place, will in fact be based, not on any recovery in the British economic position, but simply on the temporary feature of the excess of American capital investment over the returns and payments into America.

But what does this mean? It means that in fact no solution has been reached. For what is the automatic result of the flow of American capital for investment abroad? The automatic result is that there must immediately begin a heavy return flow of interest to America. Only so long as the new American capital put out for investment exceeds the ever-increasing volume of interest on capital invested does the situation continue on which is based the return to the gold standard.

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As soon as the point is reached at which the interest and payments exceed the new investment, then, unless the whole trade and production relations of Europe and America have been reversed in the interval, so that Europe exports to America more goods than America exports to Europe — a reversal of trade amounting to many hundred millions — the gold standard must crash and with it the whole restoration. This is a simple mathematical necessity. The immediate bearing of this situation on the question of the return to the gold standard in Britain is dimly envisaged by the anxieties of the chairman of Lloyds, who raises the question, first: —

> In view of our large adverse visible trade-balance, is the present gold value of sterling due to exceptional and passing causes, and, if we go back to a free gold market, can we maintain our holding of gold without harming our trade by an increase of money rates?

and second: —

> Is the tendency in America to invest abroad likely to continue?

In answer to this last question he can only say that it is 'a question of prophecy which is very difficult to answer.' But the bearing of this goes very much further than the issue of the British gold standard.

For what is the whole restoration of Europe? The restoration of Europe is admittedly based on the flow of American gold and credits to Europe. By this means capitalism seeks to overcome the consequences of its own concentration, which was leading to the logical capitalist conclusion of suffocation in one part and starvation in the rest. But does it overcome it? Not at all. For, by the very nature of capitalism, America can send the gold only as loans to be repaid with interest. The only salvation for capitalism would be an actual redistribution of gold and holdings of wealth — which would at any rate enable the game of beggar-my-neighbor to begin afresh. The more progressive bourgeois economists, such as Keynes, advocate a complete cancellation of debts and reparations; but this is only a part of the tie-up. Moreover, such a redistribution is impossible without destroying the whole property basis of capitalism. The juridical forms are at war with the existing development of production. Only a revolution can cut the knot. The restoration is an illusory restoration, because it is based on the increased indebtedness of Europe, which is precisely the problem that gave rise to its need. There can be no escape by capitalism from its own law of concentration, of increasing division and intensified antagonism.

The gold has come back to Europe — yes; but it has come back in reality as an added burden, and only apparently as a new life to capitalism; that is, it has increased and not diminished the gulf between America and Europe and the inequality of capitalism. Only the moment of the flow of the gold for investment gives a temporary and illusory restoration. But thereafter the indebtedness of Europe is increased, and the balance weighs down on the side of America more heavily than ever. Europe, with its enfeebled production, heavily loaded by every form of tax and debt and special imposition, reparations, armies of occupation, tariffs, militarism, and balkanization, has to compete successfully with the relatively free, vigorous, and vastly wealthier production of America and the new world; has actually to have a vast surplus to pay America; or else every year the balance will go more heavily against Europe, the chains will draw a little tighter, the moment of final conflagration, of desperate revolt

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and war, international and social, against impossible conditions, will draw closer.

It cannot be done. Europe will make the most desperate efforts. The drive to production on the basis of the American gold will be terrific. An adverse balance of four hundred million pounds value must be converted into a surplus of hundreds of millions. To save itself, Europe will have to flood the markets of the world with cheaper and yet cheaper goods. On every side, in every country in Europe, the call is sounded to increased output, to cheaper output, to greater intensity of labor, to longer hours, to more economy of 'social' services, to lower wages, to more and more competitive effort. In England and Germany alike, the challenge to the working class is proclaimed. Renewed and again renewed capitalist offensives are not simply the reckless expression of individual greed and stronger capitalist combination; they are the inevitable expression of the economic situation. The sooner the workers of Western Europe realize that their lowered conditions and the repeated capitalist offensives are not accidents of the 'ups and downs' of trade or machiavellian conspiracies of a few credit lords, but the inevitable expression of the bankruptcy of capitalism in Europe under an accumulated load of shackles that only the sword of the revolution can destroy, the sooner will they realize that their future unity with the workers of Eastern Europe and colonial workers is the only way to win their freedom and the freedom of Europe. Not easier conditions, but renewed attacks and greater intensification of labor, harder pressure toward the coolie standard, lie ahead. The power-and-production schemes which Lloyd George is incubating in the name of Liberalism, the vast projects of State capitalism to which Baldwin is moving in the name of Conservatism, will play a tremendous rôle in the future.

But the drive to more production as the only way out in every country itself raises a new problem — the problem of markets. If every capitalist country is to achieve a surplus of exports or favorable balance of trade, then it is obvious that it cannot be at the expense of the other capitalist countries. This is a simple question of arithmetic, although never indulged in by capitalist economists, who look only to the salvation of their own country. The ultimate market for the surplus must lie outside the ring of capitalist exporting countries, among the non-capitalist producers of the backward countries not yet drawn into capitalist production. Hence the supreme importance of China from the capitalist point of view; and the reason why the future war of Europe and America is universally expected to centre on China and the Pacific. But the whole character of the present stage of capitalist development is the rapid shrinkage of markets, and expansion of new capitalist producing and exporting countries. India, Japan, and the Dominions are all developing machine-production with extreme rapidity to the detriment of British industry. The childish conventional liberal economists' plea that the economic gain of one country cannot under any conditions mean loss for another is simply to avoid serious detailed analysis of how the factors really work *under capitalist production*. And the Chinese millions are already awakening to the unity of their interests with the world revolution, and may even defeat the plans of the imperialists. Thus the very moment when Europe to save itself must make a tremendous expansion of exports is the very moment when there is already

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such a shrinkage of the world market as to be unable to absorb the existing diminished production.

Let a concrete example be taken — Germany. Germany has to pay out, once the full reparations period begins, 125 million pounds, plus all the additional interest on private and industrial foreign investments in Germany. This payment, it is now universally agreed, can only be made in goods, since Germany has neither colonies, gold available, nor foreign securities. But Germany has at present an adverse trade-balance, which on the figures of recent months was reaching the equivalent of 240 million pounds a year. This means that a rise in exports equivalent to 360 million pounds a year is necessary. But this leaves out of account the additional imports of raw materials necessary to produce this tremendous addition to exports. If this is estimated at well below half the value of the additional exports, 140 million pounds, we get a total necessary rise in exports of 500 million pounds. Even if this fantastic surplus could be produced by the most merciless slave-driving of the German workers, what prospect is there that it could be absorbed by the world market? The total exports of the whole of Europe before the war amounted to 1750 million pounds. To come nearer to current values, the total exports of the whole of Europe in 1922 amounted to 1637 million pounds. And already, even at the current production, the lack of markets is causing stagnation. What prospect is there of unloading this additional 500 millions? And this is to take only one country.

Thus we get to the final contradiction. It was expressed with unconscious irony in the statements of two bank chairmen made on the selfsame day. Mr. Walter Leaf, chairman of the Westminster Bank, stated that 'how the enormous excess of exports which they were forcing upon Germany was to be absorbed by the world at large without ruinous competition was a problem which was now exercising the best brains of Europe and America.' Sir Harry Goschen, chairman of the National Provincial Bank, declared that 'in his opinion the solution of the problem of foreign competition lay in an effort toward greater production and the lowering of production costs . . . operative labor must increase the output per man hour.' That is to say: The amount of production already raises problems of 'ruinous competition.' What is the solution? To produce more and beat 'foreign competition'! So long as *we* produce more, so long as *we* produce cheaper, so long as *we* cut out the rest and get *our* necessary increase of exports as against imports — never mind the rest. But the statesmen, bankers, and economists of Germany, France, and the other countries are saying precisely the same. What is the net result? The net result is: first, to drive the working class down in every country to greater slavery and heavier production of surplus values, and second, to hasten the inevitable ultimate explosion which will leave 1914 a pinprick in comparison.

For before the final outcome, before the final completion of the enslavement of Europe by America, we should get the last arbitrament of capitalism in its dilemmas — war, the preparations for which move feverishly ahead on every side. Hoover's statement of 1919, on the question of granting credits to Europe, still remains the most fundamental capitalist statement of the situation. 'If such credits be obtained for more than temporary purposes, it would result in the economic slavery of Europe to the Western Hemisphere, and the ultimate end would be war

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again.' The chains with which America is seeking to bind the world are chains of gold and paper. There are no arms and garrisons behind them extended over the world to guard the exaction of the tribute, save so far as they can constrain and bribe the governments of every country to their service to act as their jailers and bailiffs. The British Empire is an empire of the sword. British arms and diplomacy are extended over the whole world, where America is still unsurely feeling its way. America is desperately driving forward to militarization in preparation for the future, to one-hundred-per-cent Americanism, to 'national test mobilizations,' but with the disadvantage of having to work against the grain of an in the main naturally pacific population, unconscious of 'world problems' and mainly concerned with the issue of the domestic 'dinner pail,' which does not appear visibly in danger. Thus the immediate contest is not so unequal, although the ultimate resources lie with America. Before the final collapse the British Empire will try conclusions with America. But the path of the World War becomes inevitably the path of the European revolution, and this time the international organization of the revolution is not absent. This is the final outcome of the capitalist restoration, if we accept the reformist policy of accepting the ultimate conditions of capitalism and only endeavoring to achieve a gradual evolution 'within' the system. Not restoration or revolution, but either revolution before world war, or world war leading to revolution — these are the actual alternatives before European workers to-day.

LOST OLYMPUS

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Saturday Review*]

If love were only to see, and to desire
The things of earth that were desirable,
Till the last ash of the heart had spent its fire,
There were no tale of the spent heart to tell.
But love is not content with that. Love seeks
To make a man and woman in his own image,
Forgetting the ache of wings, and how man speaks
In mortal accent love's immortal damage.
Yes, love would have us gods, and he would stamp us
With the high shapes of Heaven, and for a sign
We carry in our hearts some lost Olympus,
Cold as the stone beyond the furthest pine.
The things we see had hurt our hearts enough,
Why break them with your invisible mountain, love?

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FLYING TO PERSIA. I[1]

BY WALTER MITTELHOLZER

[We print below a log of a flight from Zurich to Teheran made at the invitation of the Persian Government. The author is the Swiss aviator who was in charge of the aviation expedition sent to Spitzbergen to coöperate with Amundsen in his attempt to fly from Point Barrow to that destination. His account of that earlier expedition was printed in the *Living Age* of September 15, 1923.]

December 18. — At length, after tedious preparations, we are off. Two and a half hours from the cold, penetrating winter fog of Zurich to the warm sun of the Mediterranean coast! At eleven o'clock, twenty minutes after taking the air, I find a blue hole through the cloud-caps of the Alps. Gleaming in their spotless white robes, the familiar summits surround me. I steer directly toward Tödi, give the engine full gas, and at 11.24 skirt its mighty western ramparts at 140 kilometres an hour, bearing southward to where Monte Generoso points the way. Pix Mendel glides beneath at 11.34, and the glint of the Ticino Lakes catches my eye in the distance. At precisely twelve I am above Lugano and can discern far to the southward the pale blue loom of the Apennines. To the right my eyes follow the white ramparts of the Alps past Mont Rosa to Mont Blanc, where they bend in a great curve to the Riviera. Keeping directly to the south, I sight Mount Ebro, the highest peak visible in the Apennines, and discover that the wind-drift has carried me toward the west. Rectifying my course, I take the shortest line to the sea.

Gradually villages and towns emerge from the misty plains of the Pò. At 12.30 Milan lies twenty kilometres to the left, half concealed by her dark-brown-smoke bonnet, while the Alps still shine clear and distinct to the northward. At 12.50 I am over Voghera. A strange broad band of light glitters beyond the Apennines that, as I approach, proves to be the sea. I glide at a height of about 2000 metres over wild, rugged valleys; then throttle down my motor and descend swiftly toward the coast, which I strike about 1.15 near Nervi, a few kilometres east of Genoa.

It is a relief to find myself above the water again, with a soft landing for my pontoons in case of need. Genoa's harbor is distinctly visible. To the southward the air is wonderfully clear. The mountains of Corsica lift their dim outlines out of the distant sea. At 1.50 I am over the steep precipices that border the gulf and harbor of Spezia. It is a wonderful sight. Merchant vessels and warships lie at anchor; the wide reaches of the town encircle one of the finest natural ports in Italy. Still following the coast, which gradually grows flatter, I descend to a hundred metres. The warm air of Italy is most grateful after the mountain chill. Decidedly lightened by the consumption of some 180 kilograms of fuel, my machine drops, precisely at 2.20, lightly as a feather, on the broad bosom of the Arno.

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *January* 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 20, 28, *February* 6

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December 19. — At 10.45 A.M., after a farewell circle over Pisa, I resume my journey southward. Leghorn and Piombino glide away beneath my wings. On the right a long snow-capped mountain-range rises like a mirage out of the pale-yellow morning-mist that hangs over the dark-blue sea — Corsica. I pass a steamship outside Civita Vecchia at 12.38. Up to this point the coast has been rugged and diversified, but after I turn Cape Linaro and bend toward the southeast the landscape suddenly changes and the broad, desolate Roman Campagna lies ahead of me. Yet beyond the yellow-brown foreground the snow-capped mountains of Abruzzi are visible in the blue distance, and behind Rome, hidden in her great cloud of dirty smoke, shine the snowy slopes of the Alban Hills.

At one o'clock we are over the mouth of the Tiber, and shortly after 2 P.M. we pass Gaeta. I strain my eyes toward the south for a sight of smoking Vesuvius, but the only indication that I am approaching my day's destination is a notable obscuring of the atmosphere. Gradually the outlines of the islands of Ischia and Procida define themselves below. Capri suddenly bursts out of the misty air beyond. I cut directly across the Peninsula of Torre Alto and sight — at first dimly luminous and then growing brighter — Naples's sea of houses. A long glide over the extinct crater of Monte Barbaro and Gli Astroni brings me above the Gulf of Naples. A great smoke-cloud carried by the wind across the city conceals Vesuvius, but the view of the port and the sunny amphitheatre of handsome buildings that surround it is most impressive. Indeed, the scene is even more beautiful than I anticipated. To be sure, I do not see the dirt in the streets or the holes in the pavement that later somewhat dampened my enthusiasm. My hydroplane enables me to rise above them. Circling close behind a merchant vessel just making port, I pass the harbor entrance, make a detour past the lighthouse, and at 2.50 P.M., after a flight of just under four hours, take the water in front of the Italian flying-station, under the protection of the Mole of Curviglia.

December 20. — A cloudless Naples sky greets me as I thread my way in an automobile from my hotel through a tangle of streets and alleys to the harbor; but a strong east wind is blowing, which I shall probably have to fight all the way to Brindisi. Leaving the water at 11.45, I make a wide circle over the city in order to get a parting view of her terraced hills, her harbor, and her encircling mountains. Quickly reaching the height of Vesuvius, I fly around the smoking crater from the north to east and south. I can look directly into its glowing depths. Its bright yellow sulphur-deposits make a contrast against the surrounding brown and violet lava-masses. I almost forget to guide my machine, so fascinating is the spectacle, and glancing ahead discover that I am planing diagonally across the mountains. A quick turn of the tiller rights my course. To the left lies Pompeii, its excavations plainly visible in the midday sun. Capri fades away behind me, a violet spot in the golden sea-mist. I should like to detour directly over it, but the necessity of economizing fuel to fight the head-wind makes this unwise. Indeed, the wind-drift already presses us out to sea.

I now have complete confidence in my motor, which has run with perfect rhythm for two days, and no longer feel that prudence bids me to hug the water. Therefore I cut straight across points and promontories, and soon sight the Gulf of Salerno, wonderfully protected by its encompassing peaks. A moment later the town itself lies 1600 metres below me. Next I cross fifty kilometres of

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mountains at a height of 2000 metres, so that I can glide to the sea, eighteen kilometres westward, in case of motor trouble. At 1.20 P.M. I am over the Gulf of Policastro, facing the wild, rugged, canyon-cut mountains that lie between me and Taranto, a hundred kilometres to the northwest, which I must pass. Snow-capped peaks more than 2000 metres high force me to push my motor to the limit — something I have resolved to do as rarely as possible, For flying at 1350 revolutions is death to machinery, and I must bring my plane to Persia in condition to stand. tests at 6000 metres altitude. But there is no alternative, especially with the strong head-wind. A wild and wearying air-dance follows across the barren, unpopulated mountains of Calabria, fighting a hostile, gusty wind the entire way. My eyes search the east in vain for a glimpse of the sea. I turn around and look backward at Bissegger, my machinist. His face is as glum as my own.

At length, growing impatient, I take my compass and begin to calculate upon my chart. According to my computation I should have picked up the Gulf of Taranto from my height of 3000 metres thirty minutes after leaving Policastro. Clearly I am bearing too far to the north. So I turn more to the southeast, and at last detect a dim gleam on the horizon, first pale, then bright blue — the Ionian Sea.

In one hour and twenty minutes we are over Taranto. The flat land below recalls Holland. It seems a marvelously fertile country in contrast with the barren Calabria we have just left behind. Large towns and fat meadows spread in all directions. As I gradually descend, I see beyond a broad, low tongue of land some sixty kilometres wide — the Adriatic; and in a few minutes more the snow-capped mountains of Montenegro and Greece are dimly visible. It is mere child's play now to reach Brindisi, the most important Adriatic port of Italy. Making a wide circle over the town, I soon descry the government hydroplane-station, where I land three hours and thirty-five minutes after leaving Naples.

December 21. — A glorious Sunday morning. Although a sharp wind blows from the north, that matters little with such perfect visibility. Since the distance to Athens is 700 kilometres and the heavy wind is slightly against us, I order 400 litres of gasoline aboard. This overloads our plane by nearly 100 kilograms; and so our start at 10.40 in the confined harbor is a little risky. Therefore I breathe easier when we are once aloft. I steer directly northeast, toward the beckoning snow-caps of the Greek mountains. Two Italian hydroplanes escort me for a short distance. A final handwave from plane to plane, and they depart in a graceful curve, leaving me and my machinist alone over the broad sea. As far as the eye reaches not a cloud is visible above, or a whitecap below. It seems a long time — actually about an hour — before we are above the north end of Corfu. Now the view becomes more interesting and varied. Passing between the precipitous coast of the mainland and the outlying islands, I find myself at 1.40 P.M. over the Gulf of Patras. About thirty kilometres to the right lies a long island with a range of barren mountains some six hundred metres high — Ithaca. The sight takes me back to the time when I read the *Odyssey* on a school bench. We are crossing country that recalls Spitzbergen and Norway — the same clear, transparent air, the same barren, precipitous mountains, the same magnificent, protected fiords whose satiny water reflects the cloudless sky, and the same gigantic, sandy headland plateaus streaked with scanty verdure. Rarely do I see a

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house. Great stretches of apparently uninhabited country lie beneath us, looking as if a little labor would convert it into a paradise. We pass over the town of Patras just after 2 P.M. The Gulf grows narrower. We are tossed about so when flying at a height of 800 metres down this mountain-bound passage that I seek a higher elevation. As I enter the long narrow Gulf of Corinth the sky becomes overcast; the landscape grows gray and gloomy, and dark violet shadows drift across wild, stream-cut mountains; the air becomes increasingly rougher. At 3 P.M. I pass the little town of Corinth at a low elevation, follow the canal to Isthmia, and a few minutes later am over the Gulf of Athens.

Past Megara, then across the island of Salamis, and I see the walls of Athens ruddy in the light of the declining sun. At 3.30 I circle over the harbor of Piræus, which is crowded with shipping, vainly seeking a landing-place. Finally I select a point outside the inner harbor in the open roadstead, before a large building that looks to me like an arsenal. A few hard bumps and we are rocking on the water, driven by a fierce wind toward a steep bank. I have to start my engine to avoid damage, and with some difficulty make a precarious landing. A little later a party that was awaiting my arrival hastens up and informs me that I was expected at the aviation station at Phaleron, some seven kilometres south of Athens.

December 23. — Yesterday was spent shifting our machine to the Greek hydroplane station on Phaleron Bay, and in visiting the city. The weather was unpleasant, with low-hanging clouds and a cold, gusty wind. This morning the outlook is better, although the water is still very rough and a fresh gale is blowing from the north. We take off at 10.15 A.M., and for a time are tossed violently about by the mountain winds. At length we find a somewhat smoother air-stratum at a height of 1000 metres, just below the cloud-roof. Turning inland toward the northeast, I cross Athens, circle south of Pentelicus, and a few minutes later reach Cape Marathon. Then turning to the east, I cross stormy Petalia Gulf and the narrow neck of mountainous, apparently uninhabited Eubœa. The weather grows worse, and waves lash furiously against the bald cliffs of Eubœa under the low-hanging clouds. Visibility is wretched. At 11.15 I pass the lonely reefs of Cape Doro, the easternmost point of Eubœa, and bid good-bye to Europe for the 120-kilometre sea-flight across the Ægean. Soon nothing but tossing water is in sight. I hold carefully to my compass course at an altitude of 3000 metres. Violent squalls buffet the machine, but my motor sings its metallic song in perfect rhythm. To the southward I catch a brief glimpse of a steamer headed toward the Dardanelles. At length, after half an hour of constant struggle with the elements, I discern ahead of me on the right a dark speck girdled by white foam — the Kalogeros rocks, two lonely, tiny pinnacles, thirty feet high, surmounted by an automatic light. They are a comforting sight, for they tell me that I have not erred in my course.

Twenty minutes later dark outlines begin to detach themselves vaguely from the thick obscurity ahead. Little by little the air grows clearer. Slender shafts of light strike through the breaking clouds, casting wonderful reflections upon the blue-green, whitecapped waters. Flying higher I pierce the already breaking cloud-roof, and in a few minutes am surrounded by bright sunshine. Beyond, flooded in golden light, lies the great island of Chios, with its reddish-brown ploughlands. The strait beyond is as smooth as a mirror. On its further shore rise the barren mountains

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of Kara-Burun Peninsula, guarding the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna.

I hold my course due east for that city. In the background the snow-topped mountains of Anatolia lift their handsome, rugged contours. A long glide brings me down to an altitude of 300 metres above the Gulf, and a moment later the distressing spectacle of the ruined city is spread out at my feet. After searching vainly several minutes for a landing-place, I at last detect a group of Turkish soldiers and Europeans clustered on a wharf. Near by stands a tent. Convinced that this must be the Turkish aviation station, I alight against a sharp, cold north wind.

The water is shallow and I find myself stuck in the mud thirty feet from the wharf. A Turkish officer calls to me in German, 'Stay there until the doctor comes.' Assuming as a matter of course that I shall have a friendly reception, I wait. Meanwhile two Turkish Savoia hydroplanes armed with machine-guns land just behind me. I suppose they have flown out to escort me in. After half an hour a Turkish soldier in wading-boots comes out and indicates by signs that he will carry me ashore. As soon as I land Turkish officers conduct me in a detour around a party of Swiss who are waiting to welcome me, to a guardhouse where I am told I must first pass medical inspection. After fully an hour's delay in this dirty little room a physician arrives — a polished, French-speaking Turk in a red fez. A long inquisition follows, and then this man vanishes. I began to realize that Asia is a different — and an unpleasantly different — world.

Thereupon the four Swiss who have been waiting impatiently outside rush in and greet me joyfully. But I am told that my hydroplane has been confiscated, as Smyrna and its hinterland are a war zone. I am the first aviator since the conclusion of hostilities with the Greeks who has ventured to land here. The two Turkish flyers who came down immediately behind me had gone out to prevent my entering the Gulf of Smyrna. Just how they were to do this is a puzzle, for I can hardly imagine that they would employ their machine-guns against an unarmed civilian flyer from a friendly nation.

December 29. — I have been waiting idly at Smyrna six days, sending telegram after telegram in the hope of getting something done. Every day the weather has been perfect, the sky cloudless, and each hour brings us nearer to the wet, stormy winter season. In four days, and in nineteen and one half hours' actual flying-time, I have reached Smyrna from Switzerland, only to be held up indefinitely by Turkish red tape, distrust, and indifference. Governmental machinery here works with a deliberateness incredible to a European. A man who receives an answer from the Central Government inside a month is rated lucky. For example, the Swiss brewery in Smyrna, when it applied for permission to resume operations after the Turks took the city, had to wait more than seven months to get action upon its petition. The first Turkish word I have learned and the one I hear most often is *yavash*, *yavash* — 'slow now, slow now.'

January 19. — At length, after twenty-six days' detention in Smyrna, during which the Swiss officials and their Turkish friends have been incessantly active in my behalf, permission to leave has come. Four days ago I was allowed to begin to remove the pontoons from my plane and to prepare it for its land journey; so everything is ready for immediate departure. With the help of twenty Turkish soldiers, my metal bird is carried to a little square surrounded on three sides by factory buildings, about 200 metres from the shore.

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When we left our pension at 6.30 this morning, a bright crescent hung in the cloudless heaven. It seemed a sign that our departure would be friendlier than our arrival. But I am ordered to report at the aviation grounds at Constantinople instead of going directly to Aleppo as I planned. This means a detour of 600 kilometres, for Constantinople is farther from Aleppo than Smyrna is. I confess I am tempted to ignore this order and fly straight to French Syria. Who can stop me? Certainly not the Turks, who have only a few old-fashioned machines. But I shall swallow the bitter pill, for I must not discredit my fellow Swiss here.

We spend two and one half hours putting the final touches on our plane, which has been exposed to the fury of the sand storms for four weeks. Meanwhile practically the whole Turkish military colony crowds around, eager to see our heavy metal machine take the air with the short run of 250 metres that is all we have available. About ten o'clock I take off almost vertically against the howling north wind. Although I carry an unusually heavy cargo, — 500 litres of gasoline alone, — we rise easily, since we are lightened of our pontoons, to an altitude of 2000 metres.

As far to the eastward as the vision reaches, the air is clear, but a suspicious, broadening bank of clouds lies to the northward. Shall I turn to the east, or buck the head-winds into the fog? I look longingly toward the bright invitation on my right, where lies the road to freedom. But I nevertheless hold to my northward course, and am skimming over a cloud-bank through which a long range of snowy peaks emerges to the northeast. Now and then a river is visible through a break in the clouds beneath, and here and there a village, but not enough to indicate my route. So, after two hours' compass-steering, I spiral through an aperture in the clouds from 2500 metres into the obscurity below. Almost instantly darkness closes about us, and our machine is tossed violently by the squalls. There is a smell of rain in the air. I am forced to keep at an altitude of 200 metres. At length I detect through the surrounding gloom a large body of water on the right, into which a river flows, and surmise — for I have no adequate chart for this unexpected detour — that it is Lake Abullionď.

Descending still lower, to only 100 metres, I sight at 2.40 P.M. the Sea of Marmora. Circuiting southward of the mountainous Peninsula of Perama, we reach open water at five minutes after three. I count the minutes as we skim over the stormy waves at a height of eighty metres, keenly conscious that if anything happens, now our pontoons are gone, we shall vanish and leave no trace; for not a vessel of any kind is visible. At length, after fighting strong head-winds for twenty kilometres, we reach the opposite coast at Rodosto.

Here we are back in Europe, to which we fondly imagined we had bidden farewell four weeks ago. Yes, man proposes, but Allah disposes. The rain, which began to fall as we reached the European shore, grows heavier as we approach Constantinople. But the aviation field at St. Stefano cannot be missed. In fact, there are plenty of good landing-places everywhere. At 4.35, after four and one half hours' steady flying, we find ourselves safely on land again.

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THE VANISHED CERTIFICATES[1]

BY ALFREDO PANZINI

[ALFREDO PANZINI is famous in Italy for his brilliant and amusing humorous stories. After the war, however, he showed that he was not free from the humorist's proverbial melancholy by publishing his *Diario sentimentale*, a record of his doubts and perplexities during the years of Italy's neutrality and participation in the war — of which he did not altogether approve. None of these despondencies appears in 'The Vanished Certificates,' however, which is a return to his earlier manner. Only one of Signor Panzini's books has appeared in America — *Wanted — a Wife*.]

MICHELUCCIO of Parma, a fine fellow who wrote snappy movie-scenarios and brilliant newspaper articles, was accustomed, whenever in doubt as to a Latin quotation or an historical date, to consult Signor Maurino, an erudite old scholar and antiquarian who lived alone like an owl in the mirador of an ancient house, where he occupied two rooms and a hallway. The walls of this mirador were of one thickness of brick laid on their narrow edge. Consequently it was as cold as a refrigerator in winter and as hot as an oven in summer. None the less, the landlord, a dealer in salt provisions, often threatened to eject his eccentric tenant because, as he claimed, the weight of the old man's books made the roof sag.

Signor Maurino poured out his troubles to Micheluccio: 'In the first place, those books against the wall make the room a little warmer, and anyway, where can I go this time of year? Can't you find room for me where you live?' And the old man, who knew nothing of the world outside his dusty volumes, wagged his white beard dolefully.

But Micheluccio, we must remember, was a journalist, and shifted all his worldly effects — a single valise — from one *albergo* to another every other pay-day.

'How ignorant you are!' Maurino would expostulate to Micheluccio. 'Why don't you do a little studying?'

'It's you who are ignorant, my dear friend,' Micheluccio would answer. 'Don't you know that people never study any longer? When a man has learned to use a fountain pen his education as a writer is completed.' Micheluccio always had a fountain pen sticking out of one vest pocket and a reporter's notebook out of the other.

Despite these trifling differences of opinion, old Maurino would courteously explain all cloudy points to his young inquisitor, search in his ancient books for obscure facts, and answer the latter's questions with a wealth of profound detail. Micheluccio, however, would cut short these long disquisitions by interrupting: 'Say it all in a sentence. That's enough for me.'

Thus Micheluccio acquired a wide reputation among newspaper-readers for his deep erudition, which was the marvel of all his colleagues. Notwithstanding his fame in this direction, however, he shone brightest as a

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *February* 10

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chronicler of crime. His descriptions of thieves and murderers made those gentlemen worthy rivals of Fantomas and Arsène Lupin. What a shame that Micheluccio had not been born in France. His criminal stories would have made him rich there, and a popular favorite with old and young.

One day when Micheluccio, who often 'made men famous' as they say, had to write on a moment's notice a learned speech for a Member of Parliament, which was to be weighty with historical and political erudition, he jumped into a taxi, hurried to the house of his friend, and skipped two at a time up the hundred and twenty steps that led to the roof apartment of Signor Maurino.

'I'm sorry, but I can't help you to-day.'

'Why not, my dear chap?'

'I 've completely lost my head.'

'What has happened?'

Signor Maurino lifted a face full of woe to his friend, and with lips trembling with grief added, almost in a sob, 'I 've been robbed.'

'What's that? Of a large sum?'

'All I have. Fifty thousand lire.'

'Serves you right,' exclaimed Micheluccio, 'for being so saving. Don't you know it's not fashionable to save any more? Pluck up courage. Fifty thousand lire, with money depreciating as it does nowadays, are a mere bagatelle.'

'Ah, my boy,' answered the old man, 'it is n't money that I made at a single stroke like other men. I have saved it penny by penny during forty years of labor. I know that fifty thousand lire are not much to-day, but I loved them. First of all, they were the provision for my old age. In the second place, they symbolized the labor of my life. They were there, and now they are there no longer.'

'There! Where?'

'There, there!' and the old man pointed to the books against the wall.

'You kept fifty thousand lire lying around the house?'

'I kept them there. Five certificates of deposit for ten thousand lire each.' As he said this old Maurino pointed to his bookshelves against the wall, his eyes big with despair.

'When did you discover that you had been robbed?'

'Yesterday. I hurried to the police station. A detective came, made some notes, and asked me if I suspected anybody. I answered no; I lived alone, I had no one in my house. Then he examined the door and went away after saying to me, — I quote him verbatim, — "I advise you, sir, to watch your property more carefully, for burglars are apt to return to a place where they have been once before." But what are the police for? Why should they ridicule an old man who appeals for protection — with all the scientific devices they now have for identifying criminals?'

'Yes, my dear Maurino, in detective stories and the cinema, and in the reports of crimes I write for the newspapers, the detectives always run down the criminal at last and return the stolen property. But in real life no sensible man ever reports a robbery. By the way, you were very foolish to keep so large a sum in your house.'

'Why so? I have kept my money here for more than twenty years. I felt so sure that nothing would happen to it that I scarcely took the trouble to latch the door when I went to my work or to take a stroll. Burglars do not waste their time breaking into the rooms of poor devils like me.'

'But tell me precisely where you kept your fifty thousand lire.'

'There in that big volume of the *Lives of the Holy Fathers*. Right where anyone could lay his hand on them.

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The fellow must have known they were there. Yet who would ever think of looking for fifty thousand lire in the *Lives of the Holy Fathers?*'

'And no one knew it?'

'Not a person. Here's the proof. I may die suddenly. I am already an old man. I did not want my little savings to be lost. Look here!' Maurino took a sealed letter from his writing-desk. 'This envelope is directed to an old lady about my own age. We have been friends from childhood. Inside it is a letter in which I tell her precisely where my little fortune was hidden. Now the letter has not been touched. It is still sealed.'

Micheluccio examined it carefully. The letter showed no trace of having been opened. 'And the lady knew nothing about it?' he asked.

'Nothing. Moreover, there is no one in the world in whom I have more perfect confidence. Hers is one of the few friendships that have stood the test of a long life. Now the mystery is this: how did the thief know that my certificates of deposit were in the *Lives of the Holy Fathers?* He undoubtedly did know exactly where they were, for not another book was touched. His fingerprints must be on the covers. I pointed that out to the detective. But who can the thief be? I hoped that the detective would at least take the volume of the *Holy Fathers* with him to study the fingerprints. But nothing of the sort: there the book stands just where it always was.'

'I beg pardon,' said Micheluccio, 'a thief who knows just what he is looking for and where it is, who does not need to break open a safe, or pick a lock, or saw a hole, or force a door, but need merely lift a lid, or take down a book as in your case, wears gloves. So your fingerprints are useless. But this is certainly a strange crime.' Micheluccio pondered a moment, and then asked: 'How long have you lived in this apartment?'

'About ten years.'

'Have any servants or womenfolk ever been here?'

'Absolutely never.'

Micheluccio rose, walked around the room, and looked out of the window.

'That won't help you,' said Maurino. 'No window-workers got in here on the sixth floor. A monkey could n't have done it. Whoever it was came through the door.'

Micheluccio, whose train of thought was evidently elsewhere, interrupted to ask: 'What are your habits?'

'What are my habits! You know them as well as I do. During the day I correct proofs at the printing-office. Then I go to a restaurant, get my dinner, and come home.'

'And after that?'

'After that I sit here and read.'

'How late? Do you always read, or did you sometimes take down your *Holy Fathers* and look at your certificates of deposit?'

'Certainly. Now and then I used to go over to the bookshelf and take out the certificates and talk to them — or rather, they talked to me, for they recalled all my hard-working life. They seemed to say in a comforting voice: "You will never suffer for want of bread and salt. Thanks to us you are a free man." Besides that, I kept in the *Holy Fathers* the small bills that I needed for my daily expenses. There were eight hundred lire in petty cash and three bonds of one hundred Swiss francs which I kept on hand for emergencies. All that went too; I have n't a cent left. Now what do you think?'

Instead of answering, Micheluccio continued his questions. 'Tell me one more thing. Do you keep your window opened or closed evenings?'

'With this cold? I keep it shut.'

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'I don't mean the window itself, but the shutters.'

'Oh, the shutters I always keep open the way they are now. I'm cranky about that. When the shutters are closed I feel as if I were shut up in a tomb before my time. I have a touch of that weakness they call claustrophobia.'

'Just one more thing. This is your electric light?' Micheluccio turned it on. It illuminated the whole room. 'And this is your green eye-shade?'

'Yes, but why do you ask that?'

'Now still one thing more. Have you got the numbers of your certificates of deposit?'

'I have. Here they are.'

Micheluccio jotted them down in his notebook, and then bade his friend farewell.

A couple of days later Micheluccio knocked on Signor Maurino's door. 'Here are your five certificates of deposit.'

Maurino reeled back with surprise. 'How did you find them? You must be a Sherlock Holmes.'

'This way, my friend,' said Micheluccio. 'Across the street there in that seven-story house is a window. From that window a man with an opera glass can see plainly whatever you do, the bookcase where you keep the *Holy Fathers*, your writing-desk, and everything. You thought you were alone and unobserved, but you were often virtually in the presence of a man who came home from his work between two and three in the morning, and without making any special effort to do so saw you sitting here while he undressed for bed. Gradually he became interested and watched you more closely. Finally he came here one day in your absence, walked in, and consulted the absorbing chapter in the *Holy Fathers* where your five certificates of deposit were. I called on him. Fortunately he still had the certificates in his possession. He had gone to the bank twice to sell them, but the bank people insisted upon knowing how they came into his possession, and that frightened him. I succeeded in convincing him that he had better return them — and here they are.'

'Was n't he ashamed at having robbed a poor old man?'

'Why ashamed? It is no longer the custom.'

'And the small bills? And the three hundred Swiss francs?'

'You are asking too much, Maurino. I let him have them to pay him for his trouble in coming over here. Besides, even had he been willing to restore them, they were already spent. But what sort of a world do you think you 're living in, my dear old chap? Do you imagine we are back in the days of Judas Iscariot, who repented because he took the thirty pieces of silver, and tried to return them, and then went and hanged himself?'

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THE CHINESE THEATRES OF SHANGHAI[1]

A UNIVERSAL ART ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE

BETWEEN ten thousand and twenty-five thousand dollars enters the tills of Chinese theatres in Shanghai every day. When it is considered that this is somewhere between five and ten million dollars a year, the importance of the Chinese style of entertainment as an industry in the city may be realized. If the admission fees received during a year by all the theatres in all the cities of China could be counted, the total would doubtless run into the scores of millions. The Chinese theatre plays an important part in the commercial life of the city, as, besides spending the evening there as a pastime, Chinese business men use it as a means of establishing closer acquaintance with customers. The theatre in Shanghai has probably undergone more development than that in any other city, where many of the so-called native show-houses are so dissimilar from those of Peking, or of the other less Westernized cities, that a person from another part of the country would be inclined to call many of the Chinese show-places in Shanghai foreign.

All of them, however, have not changed to the same degree, or even followed the same line. In Shanghai are three distinct classes or groups of playhouses. One of these is devoted to maintaining the traditions of the old theatre, a thing which, in general, it does very well, according to experienced Chinese playgoers. These present the so-called Peking plays, which use historical themes, and place the chief emphasis on singing. Another group takes up more modern stories, selecting plots that deal with the present day. Singing is included by these, but they also emphasize droll situation and repartee. Another type scarcely has a counterpart on the foreign stage. In it stories from the old Peking plays are acted, but magic effects, like skeletons appearing as apparitions, and victims escaping from chests, are partly depended upon for the effect.

The early history of Shanghai theatres is about the same as of those in Peking, which is now generally considered the dramatic centre of the country. The management of the Shanghai houses a few generations ago, as those elsewhere at the time, was divided. There was the department managing the stage and the entertaining, and another looking after the business. A theatrical undertaking was usually embarked upon by several men in the profession who handled it as a joint enterprise. First they secured a suitable house. Then a standard was decided on; that is to say, it was agreed as to about what grade of show should be undertaken — a decision which determined approximately what number of actors was required. This number of persons was invited to join in the production. Nearly all plots contained fighting, and characters for this comprised the big item.

After the stage management had secured its personnel, an election was held and the most wealthy, the best-known, or the most influential among them was selected as manager of the stage. This manager was usually one of the group

[1] From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), *February* 28

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of original organizers, but not always so. Very little rehearsing was needed until announcement of the first performance was made and the play presented. The length of time it remained on, as in modern plays, depended on the support of the public. In other words, on how it 'took.' Some of them closed at the end of a week or so, while others ran indefinitely.

At the beginning of business the actors secured by the original organizers were given an installment of salary. After that the enterprise was coöperative. When business was good, salaries were paid regularly; when it was not so prosperous, dividends were less frequent. When it was decided the enterprise was no longer worth while a break-up came, and the personnel reissued themselves in another performance, or joined with others not in the original cast.

In more recent years the initiative has passed from those operating in front of the footlights to those who run the business department. The latter now decide the type of performance and secure the cast. Whether or not this rise of a new system is considered a good thing for the profession, it is apparently the best plan financially.

The management of the Chinese theatre maintains the old practice of giving well-known customers credit, and it is possible for a person to go every night for two or three months and pay the total admission charges at the next settling-up festival. If a man is not favorably known to the management, cash admission is required. When an usher begins to realize that some of his old customers have not recently been in their seats as usual, he sends them a programme or two, the idea being to get them into their old habit.

With old customs tempered in recent years by foreign business-methods, new schemes of theatre management have come into existence. The case of the Sin Wu Tai Theatre is one. At this house, as in those in the past, there is the group handling the stage and another taking care of the business. A new feature is that each actor who earns a hundred dollars or more a month is a shareholder, and when there is a declaration of profits each receives a share according to his salary. If there is no profit to be divided, he receives his salary anyway. Although no other theatre in Shanghai has the same participating-plan, there are several with their own individual methods. A point in favor of the Sin Wu Tai plan is that it tends to bind the staff together, many remaining season after season.

The one drawback to this, which probably has influenced other houses against taking up the same scheme, is that each actor, when he becomes a shareholder, obtains a voice in the management. This leads to disobedience and minor insurrection, and the audience frequently sees some unexpected improvisation resulting from a lack of firm control, or through a substitute at some unannounced and unexpected time having to take the part of a principal. The other Shanghai theatres almost entirely employ on the salary basis only. This leads to more frequent changes in staff, but to offset this there is the benefit of a frequent recasting of acts.

Some theatres expend much money in building up and maintaining a reputation for high-quality talent. They bring actors from elsewhere, chiefly Peking, and are always on the lookout for features which they think will be well received. Almost all the large Shanghai theatres employ only men. The Shiang Wu Tai, and one or two smaller houses, have only women. The Kung Wu Tai has both in its plays. It is estimated that there are ten thousand actors, both men and women, in Shang-

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hai. A considerable number of these, like members of the profession in other countries, are unemployed.

Of those who are working, the salary varies greatly, ranging up to three thousand dollars (Mexican). About the lowest-paid person taking an acting-part gets eighteen dollars a month. The high figures, one to three thousand dollars a month for whole-year contracts, go to persons who put on the more pretentious performances and who themselves are obliged to pay small troupes. Only one person working the year round in Shanghai receives three thousand dollars, but his net salary is only about two thousand dollars, as from this he pays several assistants. Some, like Mei Lan-fang, come on short contracts and get higher figures. Mei, a female impersonator, who is the most famous of all Chinese actors, for instance, receives twenty thousand dollars or more a month. Out of this he pays his troupe.

Ordinary actors, or those who may be said to be without exceptional repute, taking leading rôles, receive between six hundred and one thousand dollars a month. Actors are considered to be of classes, according to what parts they customarily take. Of these the *Tsing I*, whose job is to take the parts of ordinary women, *Hua Tan*, are considered the most important and receive the highest pay. The *Wu Seng*, who bear the parts of heroes, were formerly thought to be the most important, and given the highest pay. Now, however, they rank third or fourth in the scale of box-office favorites. The *Weng Wu Lao Seng*, who take the parts of gentlemen, — that is to say, old scholars and elderly heroes, — now receive a pay above that of the hero characters. The *Hung Sen*, members of which class take the hero parts in the style of play having settings in the Han Dynasty, receive three hundred dollars or more. A person called a *Siao Seng*, taking the part of a youth, receives from one hundred to two thousand dollars a month; but if he is working opposite a leading Tsing I, he gets more.

Salaries as high as one thousand dollars a month go to musicians. This sum has been paid to renowned players of the Chinese violin. A more usual salary for this is from twenty to fifty dollars. Ordinarily the beater of the small drum gets twenty dollars, although there have been two or three of these in recent years in Shanghai drawing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. The highest pay on record for a striker of the gong is forty dollars. Hairdressers receive only from four to twenty dollars a month, the latter figure going to those who can arrange any of a large number of designs, whether the person whose coiffure he is making is playing a man's or a woman's parts. Stage-setters are nothing but coolies, with a pay of five or ten dollars a month. Scenery and settings are taken care of by a class of artists who receive from forty to two hundred dollars. Each theatre employs a staff of these, and all stage-decorating, including carpentry, painting, and designing screens, is ordered through the head artists, who get a commission.

The stars on the Chinese stage, like some elsewhere, do not mind having it known that they have contracts for large amounts. In several cases, according to those in the profession, contracts have been drawn properly witnessed calling for unusual amounts. At the same time there was a secret agreement between the artist and his employer that the amount would be paid at a discount. Frequently the managment asks a highly paid artist, on the completion of a season, to continue for a week or two without pay.

It was the custom for generations for

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the management to supply food to all stage hands as well as those connected with the business department. As the story is told by members of the profession in Shanghai, food became so poor that no first-class artist could stand it. Dishes were cold and poorly cooked, and generally showed an economy on the part of the management which was distasteful. Food began to be ordered from restaurants, the person asking for it paying. A culmination of the argument over food ended in the management's throwing up the job of catering, and making an allowance to each person of fifteen hundred cash a month for rice. This allowance remained for many years, until the deflated value — about seventy-five cents — made it too small to be of much use. The Sin Wu Tai management is said to be the only one which yet regularly adds fifteen hundred cash to the monthly pay, although four theatres in the city pay two dollars a month.

Shanghai theatres are usually of two or three stories. The stalls are divided into so-called halls, as the official first-class, the special first-class, the second class, and so on. The official hall consists of eight or ten rows of seats downstairs nearest to the stage. After it or in the balconies are the others, according to their names. The first row of the dress circle, which is in the first balcony, is known in Chinese as containing the flower seats. In the section behind are the moon seats. Other parts of the house are simply designated. Besides seats in the regular rows, there are boxes.

The seating in a Chinese theatre is not controlled exclusively through a central box-office. The ushers have a good deal to say, and it is advantageous for a person attending a performance to book through the ushers themselves. The importance of the ushers is indicated by the desirability of the seat sections they control. Persons who know only secondary ushers are likely to find themselves seated in a rear row even though they reserve early.

The admission charge changes at different times of the year. In the summer, for instance, the price drops, as the theatre loses some of its attractiveness at this season. With the coming of cold weather the scale is advanced, and when an actor like Mei Lan-fang is billed a higher charge is made. Admission at the various theatres ranges from fifty cents to one dollar for seats in the official, the flower, and the moon sections. Rear seats in the first-balcony sections cost from forty to eighty cents. Those in the second balcony bring from fifteen to thirty cents. The cheapest seat at a first-class performance is ten cents, which, like all the others, is in so-called big money — that is, calculated as fractions of the silver dollar. Most of the houses run matinées for which a reduced admittance is in order.

It is the custom to pay about ten per cent of admission costs to the usher handling that section, for hot towels and as a tip. For this, one's coat and hat are taken care of, and errands, like purchasing cigarettes, are run.

Before a theatregoer has been in his seat long he has placed before him two dishes, one containing almonds and watermelon seeds, and another fruit. An extra amount of from forty cents to one dollar is expected for this service. The usual charge for a pot of tea is ten cents.

Following the two or three days of '*tao chuan*,' the troupe takes a week or two of holiday and returns for a rehearsal of the new play which is to be ready for the Chinese New Year holidays. Closing for this period is advertised in what the Westerner would consider a most subtle manner. The play, *Six Feudal Lords Selecting a Leader*, is given. This play is called *Lu Kuo Fung Hsiang*. 'Fung' means both selecting

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and sealing up. 'Hsiang' means leader. It also sounds like 'trunk', so by billing this play it is made known to the public that the wardrobe trunks are being sealed until the first day of the new year.

A Shanghai innovation and addition to theatrical amusement is the music attached to amusement places like the Great World and the New World. In these the entertainment is more like vaudeville. Ordinarily no extra charge is required for admission to these halls after the general inside entrance has been paid. Ten or twenty cents admits one to the building. The management makes its money largely from the concessions, and operates the halls as attraction features. An exception to the no-admission-fee rule is the Tao She Theatre in the Great World, where finished plays are put on and admission up to seventy cents is charged.

A custom among players in certain types of houses, which once a year means a 'stunt' for them, is a practice called '*tao chuan*,' or reversing parts. For two or three days before annual closing for rehearsal actors take parts as nearly as possible opposite those they ordinarily depict. Those who have through the year been villains become heroes, and heroes take parts showing them in opposite lights. Those who have not sung for months take leading vocal parts, and old men become children. This is a time of revelry among the players themselves, and the audience joins in the spirit of the change, always getting pleasure from the burly figure playing the woman, and wondering if, after all, the hero should unfailingly be of the customary type.

These what the Chinese term 'reversals' are practised only by troupes at theatres handling the so-called Peking plays. The others have become too modern for the fun, which is a survival of an old custom.

THEY BUILT A TOWER

BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

[*Beacon*]

They built a tower, these proud, these clever men;
High, with a massive plinth, and then
Along its length carved emblems of the dead,
'For play of light,' they said.
And round the crest as finish for the same
O'erlappings, juttings, called by some learned name.
With lines like these, thought they, with Art so fair,
Nature could never in the least compare.
But they forgot — that growing quite close by
A little poplar-tree stood up against the sky.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE CONDITION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

ALTHOUGH St. Paul's Cathedral has had a deal of looking over in the last few months, agreement as to its true condition seems to be as far off as ever. The city surveyor has been persuaded to withdraw his 'dangerous structure' notice while the work of repair is in progress, and Dean Inge has agreed to close the dome and use only the western part of the nave, the side chapters, and the crypt for worship in the meantime. Everyone is eager not to cause a break in the Cathedral's long record of continuous use for worship.

The Corporation of London some time ago appointed a special committee to consider the state of the Cathedral, which in turn appointed a subcommittee of experts, who made an extremely careful examination.

The committee has now reported, after examining previous reports, the Cathedral, and several other experts besides themselves. It urges the necessity of the repairs, adding that the work 'must be carried out expeditiously and continuously.' The committee ask for further reports on the foundations of the Cathedral, the condition of the dome arches, and the condition of the thirty-two buttresses which support the dome. They agree that 'undoubtedly the most pressing part of the reparation of the Cathedral is the strengthening of the piers which carry the dome, after which other parts of the structure would be dealt with.'

The committee further draw attention to the great danger in which the Cathedral will stand if excavations for other buildings are carried down below the level of St. Paul's foundations. This will affect the Cathedral, especially if a quicksand, which is believed to exist, really does underlie the district.

The famous architect, Sir Francis Fox, who examined St. Paul's during the earlier scare of 1913, and who has gained a reputation for his repair of the Manchester and Liverpool Cathedrals, is an ardent advocate of grouting — that is, of forcing liquid concrete under pressure into all the spots in need of repair. He even favors treating the quicksand itself in this way, at an estimated cost of between a hundred and two hundred thousand pounds. Sir Francis adds that he personally has never had a failure with grouting.

*

THE AMATEUR SCIENTIST AGAIN

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S views on the share of the amateur in scientific study and their confirmation by the scientific correspondent of the *Times* is hardly published before an interesting story in confirmation comes from Paris. A French chemist named Laurent had long been searching for some form of carbon which could be used as a solvent for the bulky explosive, irol. His daughter Irene, who had helped in the laboratory, was sitting at table one day, watching her little brother stealing lumps of sugar, when she had a sudden inspiration.

'Father,' said she, 'why not try sugar as a solvent? It is a hydrocarbon.'

The scientific parent replied that the plan was useless because sugar would deposit a precipitate. The girl, how-

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ever, remained unconvinced and tried the experiment herself, the result being that she was able to hand her father a test tube filled with a clear golden liquid quite free of deposits. The relatively untrained girl had gone ahead in a direction where her father's wider scientific training told him there was no hope.

The finding of the new solvent enabled M. Laurent to develop an explosive liquid which has developed into a new motor-fuel declared to be four times as powerful as gasoline and to cost about eight cents a gallon. M. Laurent is at present testing its efficiency by running his own car on dissolved irol and nothing else. The commercial possibilities remain to be explored.

♣

THE AUTHOR OF 'ULYSSES'

MADAME SIMONE TÉRY has achieved the almost impossible in interviewing James Joyce, the author of *Ulysses*, who has hitherto been supposed to be proof against interviewers of all kinds.

'If Joyce's work is by this time familiar to the French public,' she writes, 'his personality has remained a mystery, for James Joyce obstinately refuses to be interviewed by any journalists. Nevertheless I was able to find him in a restaurant where he takes his meals. I did not make the blunder of asking for an interview, and thus I took advantage of his usual courtesy.

'Joyce is a tall, thin man, and his manners are distinguished. His profile is sharp and fine, his nose straight and sharp, his lips thin. A delicate pinkish tint covers his whole face uniformly, and yet he gives a curious impression of pallor. His heavy chestnut hair is combed back carefully, displaying a convex forehead. He has a little reddish moustache, a tiny tuft of hair on the lower lip, and a little pointed beard which adds to the elongated lines of his face and gives him the look of a blond Mephistopheles.'

♣

THE MAKING OF THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

THE honorary degree of Doctor of Law conferred on Mr. James Loeb by the University of Cambridge has elicited from the British press a chorus of praise, both of Mr. Loeb himself and of the indispensable Loeb Classical Library which he founded. Mr. Loeb is an extraordinary example of the union of literature with finance. Early a devotee of the classics while a student at Harvard, he later became a member of Kohn, Loeb and Company. His financial duties were not too arduous, however, to keep him from translating the works of Legrand, Croiset, and Decharme on Greek drama, and at present he is writing a book on the terra cottas of Northern Italy.

His great work, however, is his inimitable Library, which prints sound and trustworthy texts of the most important Greek and Latin classics, with an English translation opposite each page of the original. To a reporter of the *Morning Post* Mr. Loeb told the story of the Library: —

I have always been convinced that a knowledge of the life and literature of ancient Greece and Rome is necessary to the modern world. Humanity must have humanism, to use the old name for a study of the classics in the right spirit. And there has always been a great eagerness for this knowledge in America — especially in the West, which is so full of vitality. In the past, it is true, there was a reaction against a classical education based on the minute study of the Greek and Latin languages. It was excellent in its way — translation into Greek and Latin gives an insight into those languages which cannot well be attained otherwise. I think it a good idea, by the way, for teachers to set, say, a piece of Greek or Latin to be trans-

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lated into English, and then to have it translated back after an interval of time. But, after all, the majority of young people have not the time to learn to read the original texts with precision, and the Library should appeal to them as much as to university students. The great success of the course of lectures on the Greek drama to students without a knowledge of Greek, which I persuaded my old friend and tutor, the late Professor J. W. White, of Harvard, to deliver many years ago, was a proof of the general eagerness to know something about classical subjects. I feel sure that the educational pendulum is swinging to-day, in this country and in America and also in France, toward the ideal of humanism. In America the movement was helped during the war, when so many students gave up the study of German. But when the question of an alternative arose — French or Italian or Spanish? — it was decided to go to the root of the Romance languages and take Latin. To-day the number of school students who take Latin has increased ten per cent.

At first I thought that every work of consequence in Greek and Latin might be included. All the Greek works of Byzantium, the whole range of patristic literature, all the mediæval Latin from Saint Augustine to Erasmus — the number of volumes would have run far into four figures. The limited plan possible will involve between four hundred and five hundred volumes, of which one hundred and sixty are already printed. Some of the volumes have already been reprinted six or seven times. Homer, Vergil, Lucien, Horace, Catullus, Cicero, Cæsar, are greatly in demand, while Petronius and *Daphnis and Chloe*, the first of the world's great love-stories, are eagerly read.

The Library is not, of course, a commercial enterprise. It is intended to set up a counteracting agency to the ultramaterialistic tendencies of our age. My hope has been, and is, to make the beauty and wisdom, the ever-young and immortal charm, of the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome more accessible to the modern world. And whatever happens to myself, the work of creating the Library will go on until it is completed.

INTERNATIONAL AMITY ON THE RIVIERA

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Times* sends back a note which shows how hard war-time enmities die.

On arriving at the Italian frontier you will perhaps be shocked to see on the Ventimiglia station bookstall more German literature than is shown of any other country. It is a fine bookstall, with abundant space for the display of newspapers and large glass-fronted cases filled with books — French, Italian, English, American; there is room for them all, and all are more or less well represented. But Germany is an easy first.

As I stood by the stall, a man, evidently English, took down from where it hung, conspicuous in its gaudy cover, a copy of a certain German illustrated paper which during the war was distinguished — even among German papers of the day — for its grossness and brutality. He asked the lady of the bookstall the price, paid for it, — six lire, I think, — and then inquired if that was her only copy. On being assured that it was, he carefully tore it across and across and dropped the pieces on the floor. Then, with almost exaggerated politeness, he begged the lady to display in the vacated space some good French or Italian paper.

Perhaps he travels up and down the Italian railways tearing up German newspapers. It may be his hobby. But I do not think that he did much good. Some half-dozen people witnessed the incident, and it was to them that the woman appealed as he turned away: 'But we must all make our living. As if it was only the English who had the right to live!' Which, I thought, was a trifle unfair, as he had pointedly requested that the place should be filled with something French or Italian.

A POET AT WORK

EVER since *Hassan* met with such great success in London two years ago, English interest in the poet James Elroy Flecker has been growing. A correspondent of the *Nation and the*

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Athenæum now points out the influence of the poet's Oriental studies at Cambridge University upon the verse which he wrote. Flecker was preparing for a consulate in the Near East and took the linguistic course ordinarily given for student interpreters. Part of his study was devoted to an Arabic poem of which the instructor had secured a phonographic record from a professional story-teller in Cairo, to which student interpreters listened with the Arabic text before them plus a transcript in Roman letters and an English translation.

Bits of this Arabic original later cropped up in Flecker's *War Song of the Saracens*, which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch includes in his *Oxford Book of English Verse*. The lines

Not in silk nor in samet we lie, nor in curtained solemnity die
Among women who chatter and cry and children who mutter a prayer

are quite evidently taken from the Arabic, which at this point may be literally translated, —

And do not choose a bed of silk whereon to pass the night fearful of the battle,
While round about thee women wail in terror, casting aside their veils and coverings.

In another passage there is equally plain evidence of borrowing. Flecker's lines —

A mart of destruction we made in Yalula where men were afraid,
For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker of doom;
And the spear was a desert Physician, who cured not a few of ambition,
And drove not a few to perdition with medicine bitter and strong,

are derived from the Arabic original, —

We set up in Zawabil a mart of War (*Suqa harbin*) wherein [human] souls supplied the wares.
My spear was the Broker of Dooms (*Dallalu'l Manaya*), plunging into their hosts, buying and selling,
And my sword was a Physician in the Desert, curing the heads of all who complained of headache.

✻

A NECESSARY MURDER

THE London *Outlook*, though not ordinarily given to wildly radical views, permits its commentator, Ocellus, to commend a murder. Though murder is not a habit which any respectable citizen should allow to grow upon him, it is hard to avoid agreeing with the *Outlook's* view of this particular case.

I am not one of those who usually sympathize with murderers, and sign petitions to get them off. But if ever I felt there was some reason for murder, it is in the case of the Austrian boy who murdered his aunt because she psychoanalyzed him, and published the results in a book. One knows the kind of book, and the kind of woman, and I doubt if the loss of the one is to be deplored more than the other.

✻

PREFERENTIAL SALE

THIS advertisement — which has a sardonic humor all its own, for those who remember bygone British tariff-battles — appeared a week or two ago in the London *Times:* —

Joseph Chamberlain's vacant town house for sale. L.C.C. plaque on wall 'Joseph Chamberlain lived here for 31 years.' Price to a Tariff Reformer £2500. To anyone else £3000.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Law of the Threshold, by F. A. Steel. London: Heinemann; New York: Macmillan, 1924. $2.25.

The Wind and the Rain, by Thomas Burke. London: Butterworth; New York: Doran, 1924. $2.00.

The Clock, by Alexei Remisov. Translated by John Cournos. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: Knopf, 1924. $1.25.

Short Stories of To-day. Selected by J. W. Marriott. London: Harrap & Co., 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Golden Journey of Mr. Paradyne, by W. J. Locke. London: John Lane; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1924. $1.75.

Seducers in Ecuador, by V. Sackville-West. London: Hogarth Press, 1924. 4*s.* 6*d.*

[John Franklin in *New Statesman*]

'Oh, Mr. Franklin,' cooed my hostess, 'how *do* you manage to read so many novels?'

'My difficulty, alas,' I replied, 'is n't the reading of them. To me all novels are just something to read; a vice, like chocolates or cigarettes. I could easily spend all my time indulging this vice, this dreamy substitute for life. The trouble begins when one has to think; it's so difficult to justify a perception that some are more than just something to read. So many hares start, there's no knowing which it will pay best to follow; such a jumble is thrown at one's head that one's standards lose all meaning and coherence.'

'Well, let me help,' she said. 'Simplify by discarding everything that is n't literature. That will dispose of Mrs. Steel. Crude —'

'Stop!' I cried, 'Mrs. Steel knows what she is talking about; she really knows India, and I had been thinking that *The Law of the Threshold* might be a good peg for an article. A solemn warning that Bolshevism is behind all Indian troubles. Artless melodramatic writing, but a picture strangely giving the same impression as E. M. Forster gives. In her way she understands Indian religion and Indian feeling as well as he. And she's not out to make fun of it; for instance, she has a sketch of a very holy man in a hencoop which is as good as anything, and serious. And somehow she does the English side of the Indian predicament more creatively than Forster. The unsophisticated but earnest writer, dealing in crude effects and yet reaching down to truth — does n't this open up vistas?'

'Fascinating! All right, let's think twice about her. Then what of Thomas Burke? *Limehouse Nights* was thrilling, of course, but *The Wind and the Rain* tries for something better than thrills, and fails. Autobiographical. How the little East End boy gradually makes good and becomes a cultured man with a bank account. Stage after stage of struggle and poverty; charity school, office-boy in the city, handy man in a music-hall; with Quong Lee and his shop in the Causeway all the time in the background as a symbol of something eternal, where alone he is really at home and out of which his writing comes. But it's not really —'

'Still,' I put in, 'it has interesting points. Did you notice one queer thing? He says he has always felt a sense of sin in "woods and hills and nature's solitude." He is exclusively of the streets, with a keener and deeper sense of their atmosphere than anyone's. But the main point about him is this. He has much to say about the poor — how they are put upon and patronized and laughed at and despised. And he pours scorn on the well-meaning folk who try to improve the poor — the poor who alone know what life is, for they alone can laugh and dance and fight spontaneously. His feelings about this are genuine, are n't they? And effectively expressed?'

'Oh, yes; first-hand experience.'

'Very well. Yet they don't deeply move. The reason is they come from something impure, and we can see what. In some part of himself, from which it ought to have been cast out, he nourishes self-complacency at having emerged. Goodness knows, any man who emerges may well feel pleased with himself; but to entertain that feeling in the particular region of consciousness where he entertains it is fatal to any high flight of creative imagination. H. G. Wells does just the same. Contrast Hardy's treatment of the poor, or Gissing's. If one could define the difference —'

Murmurs of understanding encouraged me to say I would stick to Mr. Burke. 'But it will be a job,' I went on, 'to bring these other things into the theme. Short stories are delightful to read, but hard to think about. Or perhaps it would pay better to concentrate first on Russian recklessness in the person of Remisov? What did you make of *The Clock?*'

'Oh, fascinating! The school of Dostoevskii, but subtler, as our whole consciousness is subtler to-day. Of course, I think Russian mysticism is a mistake fundamentally, a red herring, but one must admit —'

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'Admit fiddlesticks! It has nothing to do with Dostoevskii or with Russian mysticism. The *macabre* in Remisov's effect is as different from Dostoevskii as chalk from cheese. Say Hoffmann, rather, or Poe, if you must have an affiliation. But a Russian Poe, and therefore with an element of squalor and brutality in the horror, of topsyturvydom in the madness, while all is shot with gleams of pathos and tenderness. Interesting for connoisseurs, but a literary byway. He makes the flesh creep, but he does n't touch the soul. Not for one moment does the central figure become convincing — the crooked-nosed hunchback Kostya, whose madness it is to monkey with the church clock and, by first controlling and then annihilating time, to swell himself to deity. Fantastic, not significant; and distasteful at last, because, if nothing is signified, we are somehow cheated. Still, I hope Mr. Cournos will try his hand at some of Remisov's later work; it is said to be untranslatable, as Remisov has invented a language of his own. But we have n't laid out my article yet.'

'Well,' she brightened at me, 'here's an idea. The progress of the short story. First, *Short Stories of To-day*: mostly ordinary magazine-stuff, except Forster's *The Celestial Omnibus*, and even that dates. Then contrast *The Golden Journey of Mr. Paradyne;* jump on its vulgar sentimentality.'

I considered. Another difficulty. I grant you W. J. Locke's sentimentality; I've no relish for it myself. His joy in the open road, the irresponsible life, with the deadness of convention exchanged for meals of cheese and wine by French roadsides, is a deliberate exploitation, not an expression of true experience. It's a bad business that this sort of thing should usurp the functions of art. Still, it does do something; it gives pleasure to thousands, and a pleasure which at least implies a homage to the truth. A suburban homage, no doubt. But my difficulties are not at an end. There is Miss Sackville-West's new story, *Seducers in Ecuador?*'

My hostess poked the fire with vigor, as if she wished it was my brain: 'You *must* see what an achievement *Seducers* is, how wonderful it is that such things should be forming out of our modern mess. So cool and clean and shapely. I suppose you'll say that a fable about a man who finds the illusion of life so fascinating through black spectacles that he can't take them off, and, for the sake of the illusion, gravely does one absurd thing after another — marries a woman who pitches him a yarn about having been seduced by someone in Ecuador, murders his friend and host in the yacht because he asks him to, falsely alleging an incurable disease, and is finally hanged — I suppose you'll call this futile because there's no moral to it. But what about the philosophical implications, what is illusion, what reality, and so on? That is something *you* ought to appreciate, even if you are so dense that you can't see the art of the thing. What is wrong with you is that you are so excited by the turbulent, volcanic, gloating school — your Lawrence and life and all that — that you are blind to a really important movement that's going on. I'm not clever enough to define it, but it's in the classical and objective direction, toward the formal and impersonal and away from hysterical emotionalism.'

'I really must,' said I, 'write *that* article. You've helped me enormously.'

Closed All Night, by Paul Morand. London: Guy Chapman, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*English Review*]

THESE more than Arabian Nights of M. Morand's — admirably translated, by the way, with well-seen idiom, by G. P. C., C. B. P., and H. M. — give the essence of some modern phases of Europe with the vivid cleverness and wicked wit which constitute this writer's particular genius. We get realistic caricatures of the Irish poet, the German Junker, the French political parvenu, and the Levantine adventurer, in settings of detailed authenticity; so piquantly exaggerated and withal so full of knowingness, of philosophic poise and scientific accuracy, that they are more like life than plain portraits can ever be. Thus men would talk — to men — if they had the gift of tongues and of ubiquitous understanding; thus, indeed, those sons of God must have talked, when Satan also was of their number — with a supermoral knowingness most entertaining for Jahveh. To call Paul Morand brilliant would be but a faint damn; he hits these very brass-headed nails so remarkably and excitingly upon the head that all pretentious people must be in fear of catching his eye. There is a smiling malice in his uncanny perception, a dispassionate frankness about the closed door, which is in the last degree amusing, and thus escapes vileness handsomely and leaves one laughing and unhurt. Paul Morand is a wit of quality and a great artist who would not have amused Queen Victoria.

BOOKS MENTIONED

PANZINI, ALFREDO. *Diario sentimentale* (May 1915–November 1918). Rome and Milan: Mondadori, 1924.

PANZINI, ALFREDO. *Wanted — a Wife.* Translated by Frederic Taber. New York: Nicholas L. Brown, 1924.

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BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

By RUSTICUS

"I sit on the paddock fence and smoke my pipe. I watch the sun sink low behind the woodland to the west. Up from the ploughed land comes the Field Marshal with his host. When I first see him he has them in extended order; as he comes to more difficult terrain, he skillfully manoeuvres them into a column of fours and passes me in perfect array. I drop to my feet and come to a rigid salute. He passes the reviewing stand with glittering eye and haughty step. I notice that on the return into familiar country he is at the head of the column. And what a picture he makes! Here is a bird, methinks, who never has had and never will have an 'inferiority complex.'"

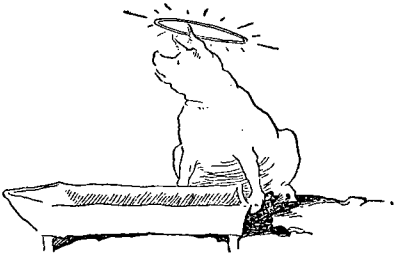
From **BLESSED BE THE HEN**

"Since then, with what I have I live content. A dog, a horse, a cow, a pig or two, some fowl, and rabbits for full measure; with these I need not traffic or exchange; no trading this for that, no buying cheap and selling dear, no asking more than what I think is right. An empty life, you cry. Mayhap for you, but not for me. It is a life so full that half cannot be done.

And then, beside all these, a tiny house, well filled with kindred souls. Of these no words can tell, and it is well, for there are things of which no man may speak.

But in the garden that enshrines the house one may, with proper reverence, rejoice. For here the very essence of it all distills; here is the sign, the token of it all."

From **BLESSED BE THE GARDEN**



READERS of the *Atlantic Monthly* who chuckled over the quaint humor of *Blessed Be the Pig* and *Blessed Be the Horse* may now enjoy a number of equally amusing essays by Rusticus, most genial of country gentlemen. A gift book that is sure to be appreciated by a delightful hostess or for anyone who enjoys life in the country.

Attractively illustrated. $1.50

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP

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The Solution

THE answer to our puzzle "fit-the-author-to-his-work," proposed on this page last week,

And the answer to your puzzle "What Magazine Shall I Read," is published.

In other words, the May Scribner's Magazine has made its appearance.

* * *

It is distinguished by articles that strike deeply without being ponderous.

* * *

"Southern Memories — Sidelights on the Race Problem" and "They Or We? — A New Spirit in Industry" go so deeply into the organization of our national life and suggest such stimulating lines of thought that, were we your literary physician, we'd prescribe them for you.

* * *

Albert Guérard and Olive A. Colton write from a full knowledge of their subjects, but they do not drag out a lot of learning for display, at the sacrifice of interest in the question in hand.

* * *

The May Scribner's Magazine leads off with "Some American Women and the Vote" by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, a witty essay pointing to a fact often overlooked in American politics, and the explanation thereof.

* * *

Roland Young, actor, tells what he thinks of us, audience, in "The Audience Can Do No Wrong."

What's more, he draws pictures of us.

* * *

All followers of Izaak Walton will welcome Theodore Roosevelt's "Fishing in Wisconsin" with glee.

* * *

Readers of novels will regard in a similar light Edith Wharton's "Constructing a Novel."

* * *

"The Organization Complex in Our Colleges" prods American education in a very tender spot.

* * *

Edward G. Spaulding's "Why Men Disagree" presents a novel answer to this intricate problem.

* * *

A note of warning and protest at the passing of one of the most picturesque features of our world — the windmills of Holland — is sounded by Cornelis Botke, Dutch artist, in an illustrated article.

* * *

Emerson Low contributes "The Man Who Had Been Away," a story of primitive instincts in a distraught land.

* * *

"Wrath" by McCready Huston and "Mrs. Renwick Plays the Game" by Ruth Robinson Blodgett are two other interesting stories in the number.

Mrs. Renwick plays golf and her son plays with her. The son finds a girl who also plays golf—and thereby hangs the story.

* * *

Now that you know the answer to your puzzle, act upon it.

Begin with the May number.

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